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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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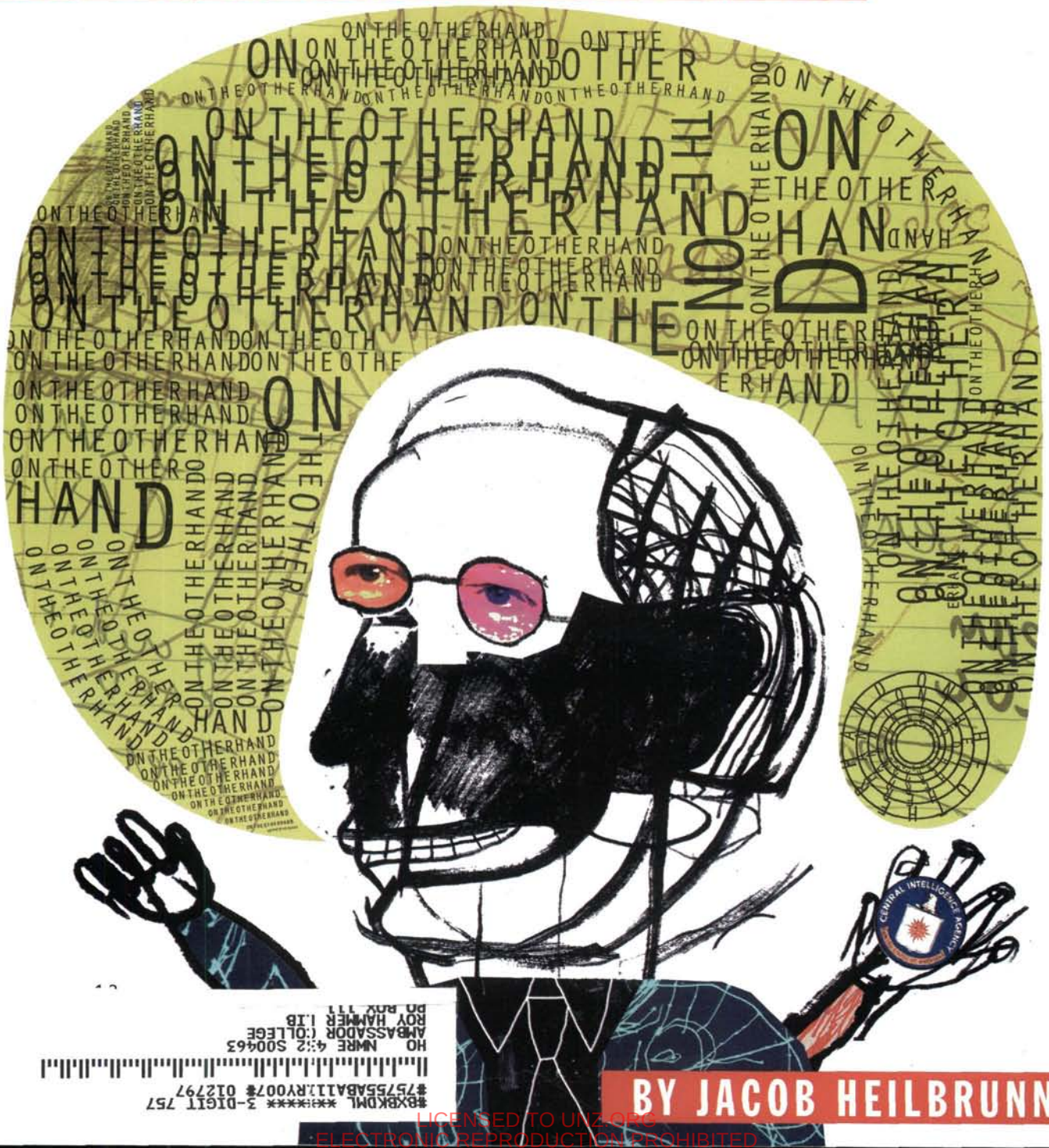
THE GREAT EQUIVOCATOR

Why Tony Lake Should Not Run The CIA



BY JACOB HEILBRUNN

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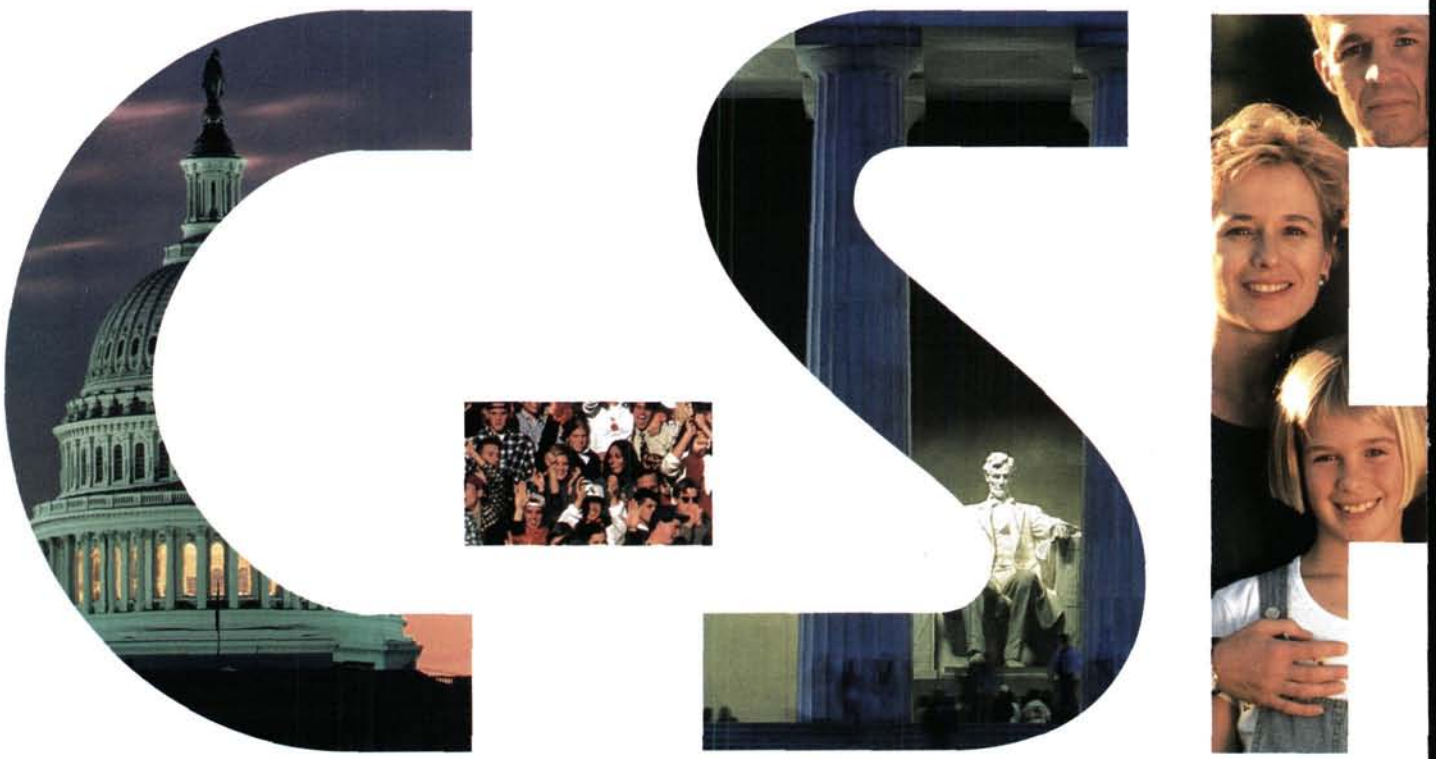

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FROM WASHINGTON

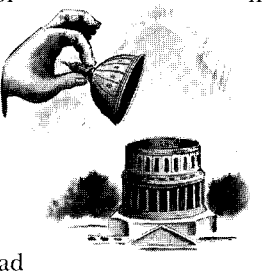
For America's sake

On March 3, Vice President Al Gore acknowledged, in careful, often legalistic language, that he had made "a few" telephone calls (press reports have put the actual number at forty to fifty) soliciting money from his office, but also said that he did nothing illegal. He gave several reasons for his innocence. He had charged the calls to a Democratic National Committee credit card; and the president and the vice president are excepted from the applicable law, the Hatch Act, on the grounds that they are candidates for office; and he had not violated the intent of the law prohibiting the solicitation of political donations in a government office, since the law was designed to stop government officials from pressuring their underlings for party money, and he had only solicited non-government employees. This is what lawyers call arguing in the alternative: the law didn't apply to me, I didn't break the law, and it was only a technical violation.

To construct this layered defense, the vice president conflated three laws. The first is the Hatch Act, which curtails political activity by government employees. Gore was correct to say that the president and the vice president are exempt from the Hatch Act. But this was a red herring; the Hatch Act does not apply to Gore's dialing for dollars from his White House office. The second law that Gore touched on was the prohibition against using government property for political purposes; this is what Gore was referring to when he said that he was in the clear because he had used a DNC credit card. It is a good thing for Gore that he took that elemental precaution, but as a defense this is another fish of crimson hue: it doesn't apply to the central issue any more than the Hatch Act does.

What does apply is the third law, which Gore did not mention. This is Title 18, Section 607, of the U.S. Criminal Code, which derives from one of the great reform measures of American history, the Pendleton Act of 1883. The Pendleton Act, legislated at a time when the federal civil service was entirely a political patronage operation, and last revised in 1979, addressed a common problem faced by federal employees: regular "assessments" by their superiors for political contributions. To stamp out this corruption, the act (and later the criminal code) banned any solicitation or acceptance of political contributions "in any room or building occupied in the discharge of official duties." The penalty for violating this law includes a sentence of up to three years in prison.

The prohibition under the law is a blanket one. It exempts no one, including the president and the vice president. Jimmy Carter tested this in 1979, when he held a dinner for Democratic donors in the White House. The Department of Justice reviewed the law, and advised that the law did indeed apply to the president, and did indeed apply to solicitations in White House offices, but that Carter had not violated it, because he had not actually solicited donations at the dinner (like Clinton did not at his dinners, coffees and overnights), and because the dinner had not been held in a room where official business was discharged.



The universal nature of the Pendleton prohibition is widely understood in government. Every freshman member of Congress, in his orientation lectures, is warned never to raise money from his office, or from any official space on Capitol Hill. In short, Title 18, Section 607, of the criminal code flatly prohibits what Al Gore says he did. On the face of it, the vice president has broken the law.

But. Several buts, actually. The first is that the law is rarely enforced; it has been used only three times to date. The second is that Gore is right in saying that he did not violate the intent of the law: he did not lean on federal employees for political contributions, which is what the law is meant to deter and to punish. The third is that he used a telephone to ask for the money; that is, he may have solicited political contributions *from* a government office, but did he do it *in* a government office? Did the solicitation take place in the White House, or did it take place on the other end of the phone, off government property? (Casuistry is what smart defenses are made of.)

Given all of this, even some Republican election-law experts say a reasonable prosecutor probably would not press a case. "I think not, for the same reason a prosecutor might not take a first-time marijuana offender to court," said Jan Baran, general counsel to the 1988 Bush campaign. "It's a question of how you use limited resources."

Still, what may be legal may not be right. In his defense to the press, Gore said that he was "proud that [he] was able to do a lot of effective work to help re-elect Bill Clinton and keep this country moving in the right direction." Indeed, he argued, he was morally obligated to act as he had: "if you believe in what you're doing, in balancing the budget and moving this country forward, and you know that the only way you can be successful in achieving the agenda you believe is right for the country is to play by the rules as they exist and raise campaign funds, then you do that."

Gore was voicing here what has become the standard Clinton administration defense. The president himself offered the perfect illustration of it on March 4: "I would remind you. We were fighting a battle not simply for our re-election, but over the entire direction of the country for years to come." His flack—sorry, million-dollar ABC News political analyst—George Stephanopoulos, a man who went through the revolving door between politics and the press so fast that he's still spinning, explained on March 2 on "This Week" that what the White House did "stinks," but it had to be done: "We were broke in 1994 and 1995." In the March 10 issue of *Newsweek*, Stephanopoulos elaborated on the moral necessity of it all, recalling how the Republicans defeated the Clinton health care bill with the help of a $14 million ad campaign and then "rolled to victory" in the 1994 elections. "We weren't going to let that happen in the budget fight in 1995," Stephanopoulos added. "That's why the Democratic National Committee had to raise so much money. . . ."

Here we arrive at what really went wrong with the ethos of the Clinton White House. It is not about the technical violations of this or that law. It is about the assumption that one must do whatever one must do to stay in power, because it is a moral imperative and a national interest that one stay in power. This is wrong not merely in the particular, but always, everywhere. It is wrong as a *type* of explanation. All presidents, and all people who work for presidents, believe that it is better for America that they beat the opposition. Nixon believed this, and so did Haldeman. And they did what they had to do to keep the "country moving in the right direction." And they were proud of what they did.

MICHAEL KELLY

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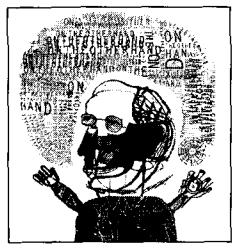

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CORRESPONDENCE

Buzz kill

To the editors:

I was saddened to note the appearance of Buzzy Linhart in Hanna Rosin's "The Return of Pot" (February 17). In the late '60s and early '70s, Buzzy gained recognition as a unique and talented stylist whose vocals incorporated blues shouting, scatting and yodeling. He recorded several albums (three at least; I still have them). When I met him a decade later he was barely working and clearly a pothead of the extreme variety—though his talent remained unmistakable. Encountering him in Rosin's piece, I wondered if he was playing around San Francisco or if his squandered gifts had amounted to little more than a footnote in Bette Midler's biography. This is certainly a possibility, given his history of chemical dependency, and it seemed confirmed by Rosin's portrayal of him as a seedy and befuddled character, hanging around a seedy and morally reprehensible establishment.

Did I say morally reprehensible? Why, yes, I did, and that gives me some hope that things are not as bad for Buzzy as they seem (though things are clearly not good). Rosin claims that the possibility of marijuana legalization doesn't bother her "much," and intellectually this may be true, but the blood of Puritans flows strong in her veins. Rosin admits that the Cannabis Cultivators Club is on the outer limits of the spectrum of those who fought and/or voted for Proposition 215 (indeed, it seems doubtful that a very high percentage of the people Rosin found there voted at all), yet this is where she chooses to set up shop to investigate what she finds to be a covert campaign for complete legalization—which clearly *does* bother her. Her claim is that she is upset by people hypocritically masquerading as medical Samaritans while pushing their wares, but the evidence is that she just doesn't like people getting high, either. In fact, in Rosin's universe, failure to floss indicates a lack of character.

I realize that charity is not a virtue in journalism, but overt bias—even if it isn't conscious—certainly is a vice. This essay might have started with an interview with Bill Zimmerman rather than giving the man who managed the Prop 215 campaign just a few lines; it might have named the organization for which he works; it might have done the same with Jeff Jones and his unnamed Oakland establishment. But Rosin is after the real dirt, and she kicks up some of the lurid stuff right away. I somehow doubt that the crowd outside the "dim, fusty" and notorious Cannabis Cultivators Club is demographically any further out on the bell curve than the morning clientele of that neighborhood's nearest liquor store, but Rosin points out the filthy indigents, the lame, the maimed and a racially and sexually abominable excrescence ("a gaggle of mulatto transvestites").

Rosin and "The Return of Pot" miss the point completely. Counterculture caterpillars like Dennis Peron and New Age capitalists like Russ Ceres may be despicable hypocrites, and the damage done to some people's lives by marijuana (or any other substance, including alcohol) is tragic, but an unregulated black market, an expensive and ineffective policing effort and a cluttered legal system will not stop the tragedy, nor make Peron and Ceres more upright citizens. Hypocrisy is not a crime. If it were, most of our laws would have to be stricken from the books. And people drawn to chemical dependency get there regardless of current statutes or the legally available menu of substances. For better or worse, Buzzy's life is what he made it, and it is surely less miserable in his own eyes than it is in Rosin's. For the present, controlled distribution remains the only sane answer. Not everyone who voted for Prop 215 was high at the time.

S. E. SCIORTINO
Corinth, Vermont

To the editors:

Hanna Rosin suggests that "legitimation through medicalization" of opiates, cocaine and other drugs late last century led to a high rate of addiction: "one in every 200 Americans was a drug addict." But prohibition has done no better. Experts today estimate that over 3 million people in our country are addicted to heroin and cocaine, which is more than one in every 100 Americans. If you include other drugs and medicaments, the proportion grows. Nearly a century of prohibition has certainly not lessened American substance use and may in fact have exacerbated its harms.

PHILLIP O. COFFIN
New York, New York

To the editors:

As a cancer survivor, I read with great interest your examination of California's implementation of medical marijuana. It's very upsetting that those pushing the legalization of this addictive drug have blatantly played upon the compassion of the public by using our pain and anguish to provide them a foot in the door to mainstream their dubious drug habits.

The use of marijuana to alleviate the side effects of chemotherapy is downright quackery. Today's medications can better control the side effects of cancer treatment than ever before. Proven medical treatment and prayer, not cheap highs, have gotten individuals like myself on the path to remission.

If compassionate legislators want to truly help those in pain, then they should focus their efforts on reducing the bureaucratic red tape that prevents drug companies from getting newer drugs into the hands of patients on a timely basis and at a reasonable price.

Your article confirms the worst suspicions of drug abuse experts and law enforcement officials that the California initiative would only trigger abuse and spawn a new thriving drug trade. Cancer patients like myself resent being used as convenient cover for pot smokers to light up. Their "compassion" arguments make me more sick than I was.

PAUL MCCARTHY
Lynnfield, Massachusetts

Quick study

To the editors:

Sally L. Satel, a physician, has an odd view of science ("Race for the Cure," February 17). She wishes to use the authority of science to discredit the hypothesis that racial discrimination harms health. She deems as ideological, not scientific, studies examining effects of social determinants of health. And she declares as scientific truth the view that "racial" differences in biology contribute substantially to racial differences in disease. How unfortunate for Satel, then, that neither current scientific evidence nor practice supports her stance.

First, population geneticists and other relevant scientists uniformly discount the now scientifically obsolete hypothesis that so-called "races" represent distinct biological groups. Differences in appearance, especially in skin color—a difference literally only skin deep—take on social significance, in ways that affect social standing and health, only because of social decisions that make these distinctions important. To account for widespread racial disparities in morbidity and mortality, epidemiologists and other scientists have been developing and testing hypotheses that these disparities reflect racial inequalities in social and economic position and thus differential exposure to risk. To explore theory-driven hypotheses that diverse socioeconomic factors harm health—such as economic deprivation and also trauma or stress resulting from socially imposed subordination, including racial discrimination—is sound scientific practice, supported by considerable evidence. To exclude such factors from consideration is pure ideology masquerading as "objective" science.

Further revealing Satel's flouting of sci-

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entific knowledge, practice and protocol is her potshot critique of the study I led on racial discrimination and blood pressure. She carelessly claims, for example, that we did not control for any other factors thought to influence blood pressure. In fact, we took into account many of the important identified risk factors: age, education, marital or partner status, body mass index, waist-to-hip ratio and alcohol consumption (and we also evaluated physical fitness, income, smoking status and skin color). More importantly, Satel has yet to submit a letter rigorously delineating our study's alleged flaws to the peer-reviewed journal where it was published, *The American Journal of Public Health.* Apparently, Satel would rather vent her groundless criticisms in the popular press than face the scrutiny of scientific peers.

NANCY KRIEGER
Boston, Massachusetts

To the editors:

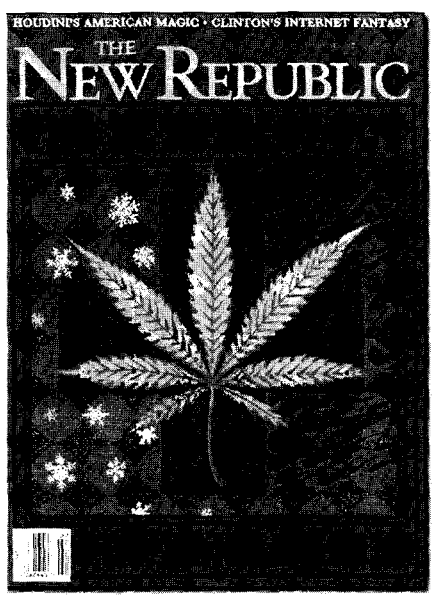
Sally Satel acknowledges that "racial differences in health are real," but the statistics she cites do not tell the full story. Scrutiny of vital statistics in Harlem better reveals the burden of excess mortality in inner-city black America. In 1980, a man in Central Harlem was less likely to survive beyond age 40 than a man in Bangladesh, one of the world's poorest nations. In 1990, the situation was no better. A 15-year-old boy had only a one in three chance of surviving to age 65. These shocking facts should shame us all.

But Dr. Satel dismisses the public health disaster our nation faces as a "mundane" consequence of the "sloth and gluttony" of the poor. As clinicians and researchers in Harlem, we are familiar with such victim-blaming arguments, and we are weary of them. Like most wrongheaded and dangerous viewpoints, there is some truth in Satel's arguments. True, adults in Harlem smoke too much (our data suggest 44 percent of those under 65 smoke). Our work also shows that just three years ago, among the 200-odd retail outlets for cigarettes in Harlem, nearly every one (98 percent) sold loose cigarettes, one at a time, to 12- and 13-year-olds. To kids. Making healthy lifestyle decisions is more than a simple matter of individual choice.

Even when we consider racial differences in health habits and social class, however, we cannot always account for racial differences in health. It is this persistence of the racial gap that concerns Nancy Krieger and other public health researchers whose pioneering work Satel takes such pains to malign. The standard response, since colonial times, has been that this residual gap reflects the inherent biological differences between blacks and whites. But disease rates, such as infant mortality and heart disease, have changed substantially over the space of decades, too fast for the wiliest genes. Other explanations are needed.

One plausible hypothesis is that the effects of racism, not captured by social indicators, have a health impact. We agree that Krieger's results are complex, but her work shows that the experience of discrimination has an important bearing on blood pressure level. If we really care about improving the health of black Americans we should call for further work to explore this hypothesis.

Satel has other ideas that she believes explain the gap in health and mortality between black and white Americans. These ideas are offered without the support of any data. The most contentious is "learned helplessness" that presumably results from reliance on government



handouts. But nowhere is a scientific test of her hypothesis offered.

We have an alternate hypothesis that we would like to test: racism is bad for a community's health. We propose testing this idea by eliminating racism in American society and seeing what happens to Harlem's health.

MARY T. BASSETT, CHARLES FRANCIS,
HAROLD FREEMAN, COLIN MCCORD
Harlem Center for Health Promotion & Disease Prevention,
New York, New York

Sally L. Satel replies:

Nancy Krieger criticizes me for rejecting the entire class of research conducted on the social determinants of health. I don't. There is a long-standing and respected literature documenting the effects of self-directed behavior on health as well as the effects of income and education levels.

What I am criticizing is a specific, flawed study by Dr. Krieger and the largely uncritical absorption of her findings by the mainstream press—findings that have the potential to metastasize into harmful social myth, namely, that racism, per se, is a medical pathogen.

Dr. Krieger, like the Harlem hospital doctors, makes a great fuss over the linkage of race and genetics. True, black people cannot be characterized by a tidy constellation of gene-derived biological products (like proteins) and traits. But it is nonsense to suggest that groups of people whose ancestors shared a discrete gene pool do not retain some of those genes (for example, those that code for proteins that regulate blood pressure).

Contrary to Dr. Krieger's assertion that I overlooked her efforts to control for clinical factors, I wrote, "Meanwhile, known direct risk factors for high blood pressure, such as obesity and smoking, as well as education and income, were taken into account so they wouldn't skew the results." However, it should be noted that Krieger omitted an assessment of salt intake, one of the major external factors affecting blood pressure in many blacks.

Further, she makes an error worthy of a first-year graduate student: confusing correlation with causation. One cannot infer causation (e.g., that discrimination causes higher blood pressure) from questionnaire-driven studies like Krieger's because one does not have access to a large enough universe of variables to test other explanations of how discrimination may correspond to blood pressure. For example, a tense, reactive black man (the classic example of someone likely to have a high blood pressure reading in a clinic setting) could, by virtue of his very anxiety and jitteriness, elicit unwelcome (racist?) responses from white people.

In any case, this and other alternative hypotheses are moot because, as I explained in my article, Dr. Krieger's data never supported her claims that blood pressure tracks with discrimination.

The clinicians from the Harlem hospital state that "disease rates, such as infant mortality and heart disease, have changed substantially over the space of decades, too fast for the wiliest of genes." Exactly. They declined because of advances in public health and technology—elements of the same social milieu that can work against health in the case of poor nutrition, crumbling housing, drug abuse and unprotected sex: factors that can erode health faster than the wiliest genes, too.

If one is going to conduct meaningful race-based research, the contribution of genes to the expression of disease must be acknowledged. But to recoil in horror, as do the authors, from the fundamental fact of biological dimensions of race, complex as they are, is irrational—forget the colonial mentality, that's pre-Enlightenment.

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The Shape of Things to Come

Trade differences may get the headlines, but they are just a small part of what is, overall, a uniquely broad and constructive interaction between the U.S. and Japan. Americans and Japanese from various walks of life are communicating in a number of important ways—from contacts between professional and industry groups to educational exchanges and grass-roots forums.

Much of this dialog is focused on forward-looking subjects, such as the future of U.S.-Japan relations. One body that has adopted this agenda is the recently-established U.S.-Japan 21st Century Committee, whose honorary chairmen are former President George Bush and former Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa. This group of prestigious Americans and Japanese will present concrete recommendations to their respective governments. The deregulation of Japan's industry to encourage competition, and U.S. deficit reduction and tax reform have already been discussed, and both sides have called for expanded educational exchanges.

U.S.-Japan educational exchanges have a long history, with organizations like the American Field Service and the U.S.-Japan Student Conference playing a pioneering role. Each year Japan's JET Program brings 2,000 Americans to Japan as high school English teachers, and more than 80,000 Japanese students are currently studying in the U.S. through various exchange programs.

Business-to-business exchanges are also flourishing. The Southeast U.S./Japan Association is a good example. Over 600 American and Japanese business people and officials, including six state governors, attended the group's meeting in Memphis last October. And on the grass roots level, almost 400 U.S. and Japanese cities and towns have forged Sister City relationships, leading to a burgeoning exchange of people, policies and ideas.

The many varieties of U.S.-Japan interaction are not only a measure of the vitality of the U.S.-Japan relationship; they are also laying the groundwork for closer, more cooperative ties between the two countries in the future.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

MARCH 24, 1997

IT'S WORKING

Welfare reform is barely six months old, yet the verdict of the American left is in: it's a disaster. The bleak diagnosis is laid out in the cover story of the latest *Atlantic Monthly*, in which Peter Edelman, the Clinton appointee who quit in protest over the bill, chews over its fatal flaws. His complaints, echoed by Anthony Lewis in a March 4 *New York Times* op-ed piece, are familiar: 1 million more children in poverty, 11 million low-income families worse off, a race to the bottom by governors determined to drive their poor across the border. "How bad, then, is it?" Edelman wonders, rhetorically. "Very bad."

Edelman wrote his article this winter. But he could have written it a year ago. His predictions of a doomed future are just that—predictions, based on models done before the bill passed. In fact, the real evidence about the effects of welfare reform is in, and much of the news is good. While it's too early for euphoria, it's not too early for guarded hope. Preliminary reports show that, in every state but Hawaii, welfare caseloads have dropped. So far it seems the logic behind welfare reform was right: now that the incentives have changed, welfare recipients are making better decisions.

Edelman mentions, in passing, that the welfare rolls have decreased "somewhat." In fact, they've plummeted dramatically since the bill took effect. The decline in caseloads began three years ago and has spiraled since August. In the last year, caseloads have dropped 18 percent nationwide. A healthy economy accounts for only part of the decline. It does not explain why the steepest drop in caseloads—650,000—happened in the four months after the bill was signed. It also does not explain why the states with the most comprehensive reforms are showing the most improvement. Wisconsin, for example, lost about a third of its welfare recipients in the last year. In Milwaukee, the city with the nation's highest out-of-wedlock birthrate, caseloads dropped 23 percent.

Edelman's not-so-minor omission colors the rest of his analysis. In 2002, he grimly predicts, states will have less federal money than they would have had under AFDC, because bloc grants are fixed for six years. And they will chafe under the requirement to place 50 percent of recipients in jobs. But it's not at all clear that states will have less money. Bloc grants were set at 1994 levels, when caseloads were at a record high. Because of the dramatic decline in caseloads, states actually have more money for the families left behind in the program.

The real 2002 may look more like this: barring a recession, close to half of welfare recipients are off the rolls. (After all, states are only 5 percent away from meeting the 1996 goal of 25 percent working.) That leaves a glut of money to pour on the hardest cases, who will need more training and hand-holding. States that cannot meet the requirement will be fined a small amount; if most states fail, the requirement will surely be relaxed. Some people will fall through the cracks—lose income, or even end up in homeless shelters. This is the inevitable price of positive cultural upheaval. What's important is that the process of transforming the underclass into a culture of working, two-parent families who are full participants in society is underway.

We agree with Edelman that denying benefits to legal immigrants and cutting adults off Food Stamps is gratuitous. Clinton should work to correct these failings, and many have already begun to correct themselves. Thirty-six out of the forty states that have submitted welfare reform plans are paying legal immigrants out of state funds. And the government has begun to quietly ease requirements for citizenship. Once these two problems are eliminated, much of Edelman's tragedy disappears.

Our faith in the future of reform, we realize, depends on the governors. And, thankfully, first reports show they are not as sinister as expected. In his latest budget, Wisconsin Governor Tommy Thompson increased welfare spending on each new family by 20 percent. This suggests middle-class stinginess is counterbalanced by another dynamic: once Americans see welfare as an effective work program, rather than a sponge, they can be convinced to pay for it.

Our faith also depends on something else: a belief in the human capacity for change. Edelman and other liberals who oppose reform speak of the poor as if they are irrevocably crippled, lost forever: "much of what we do in the name of welfare is more appropriately a subject for disability policy," Edelman writes. But, as we've learned over the last six months, the problem is much simpler. A small core of people need tremendous help. But the large majority seem to need only a small shove. That's the best news we could have hoped for. •

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NOTEBOOK

POLS AND PIETY: Appearing at once worldly and virtuous, Al Gore is a tempting target for those who believe that everyone has a scabrous underside. So, *The Washington Post*'s Bob Woodward scavenged in the swamps for fully four months, and found that the vice president had actually telephoned contributors and asked them to donate hefty sums to the Democratic National Committee. Woodward did not report (presumably because he doesn't know) how many such calls Gore made, although he did cite two nameless recipients of calls who claimed offense at having gotten them. Maybe so, maybe not. Who can know with anonymous sources? Woodward estimated that Gore raised some $40 million. This was a journalistic sleight of hand, meant to lend the story a greater sense of scandal. The bulk of this money was collected through dinners and cocktail parties where the vice president put in appearances. What, then, is the fuss? It amounts to this: some of Gore's phone calls were made from the White House, which an especially fine reading of the relevant federal law—a reading that ignores the legislative intent behind the law—says should not be done. But a phone call does not carry the authority of place which the law envisioned and forbade. Still, there is the authority of the person, and, with the restraints of the post-Watergate reforms fading, the lure of soft money has increasingly encouraged politicians to use that authority. At any rate, Gore has conceded to having done this, albeit on charges to the DNC's credit card, and commits himself not to do it again. The Gore revelations, charged with the *frisson* of seeing the untarnished become tarnished, sent Washington into as fine a tizzy of moral outrage as we have seen since, let's see, last week. Suddenly, in a city where every elected official spends half his time asking for money, everyone was appalled at the tawdriness of it all. We agree that it's unbecoming (which is not the same as illegal). We think the spectacle of every mother's money-grubbing son on Capitol Hill becoming an overnight Common Causer is pretty unbecoming, too. In this regard, we herewith inaugurate a new irregular feature, the Fund-raising Piety Watch.

FUND-RAISING PIETY WATCH I: House Majority Leader Dick Armey recently told "Meet the Press" that any independent counsel investigation of campaign fund-raising should look, well, anywhere but at his party. "My daddy told me, 'If you're going to go hunting, go where the ducks are,' and all the reports of ducks that I've been hearing have been around the White House and the Democratic National Committee," he homilized. Later, Armey defined what such a duck might be: "My own standard is very simple.... I have no right to demand anyone's support nor to intimate that there will be a consequence of their giving or not giving this support." Well, Armey happens to be describing precisely his own party's shakedown strategy of the last two years. Party Chairman Haley Barbour and House Whip Tom DeLay warned business groups that they must not only donate heavily to Republicans, but that even token donations to the enemy would provoke swift retribution. DeLay famously demanded that lobbying firms fire employees suspected of Democratic sympathies. The tactic enabled the GOP to amass a fund-raising edge that proved crucial to its continued control of the House. Maybe Barbour and DeLay declined to brief the majority leader on this strategy, and maybe Armey missed the press accounts detailing it. If so, Armey now has the opportunity to confront corruption in his own party. Or he could duck.

FUND-RAISING PIETY WATCH II: Bob Torricelli, the fist-pounding, publicity-ravenous congressman-turned-senator from New Jersey, appearing a while back on "Fox News Sunday," found the very mention of Gore's fund-raising efforts an offense to his tender sensibilities ("I'm not going to be in the business of defending the undefendable"). And, the week before, after breaking, under White House pressure, a campaign pledge to support a balanced budget amendment, he waxed tormented ("I struggled over this decision more than any I've ever made in my life"). Can this virtuous, tortured soul be the same Bob Torricelli who last fall waged one of the nastiest, costliest Senate campaigns in recent memory? A month before the election, Battling Bob sheepishly returned a $1,000 contribution from well-known good government activist John Huang. And, throughout the campaign, Torricelli flayed his opponent, moderate Republican Congressman Dick Zimmer, as an extremist who "voted to cut Medicare twenty-five times" (he didn't) and who opposed Medicare mammogram coverage (the vote was actually over whether to extend coverage to younger women). The sleaze quotient got so high that Governor Christie Todd Whitman stepped in to ask that the ads be toned down. They weren't. Torricelli defended himself in an interview with *The Record* of Bergen, New Jersey, explaining that harsh ads are "not only appropriate, [they are] essential." What was that about defending the undefendable?

FUND-RAISING PIETY WATCH III: Virtue is square; coolness hints at impropriety. But *The New York Times* made Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan seem both cool and virtuous last week. Under the headline "MOYNIHAN, IN GESTURE, CANCELS FUND-RAISER FOR RE-ELECTION," the *Times* both lauded the Senator's cancellation of his $1,000-a-head "Birthday Bash" and cooed over the elite (aborted) guest list, "which reads like a 'Who's Who' of prominent New York Democrats." It would have been somewhat more impressive if the party had actually *been* canceled: Moynihan's finance director, Cindy Darrison, says the senator asked her to "postpone." And it would be truly impressive if Moynihan had given back the cash. Pat offered, says Darrison, but most donors want him to keep the money. What a surprise. •

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Keeping Public Education Together

[Al Shanker died after a long battle with cancer, on February 22, 1997. Al's first Where We Stand column appeared over 25 years ago on December 13, 1970. His final one is taken from an autobiographical essay, "Forty Years in the Profession," which first appeared in Reflections: Personal Essays by 33 Distinguished Educators *(Phi Delta Kappa, 1990).*

In the essay, Al talks about his lifelong dedication to "gaining collective bargaining rights for teachers and using these rights to improve teachers' salaries and working conditions." He also makes it clear that the teacher union movement always had another equally important aim: making schools work better for kids. His tireless efforts during the past 15 years or so, on behalf of high standards of conduct and achievement and against the fads and follies that threaten to destroy public education, were not an "about face" but a logical extension of his trade unionism.

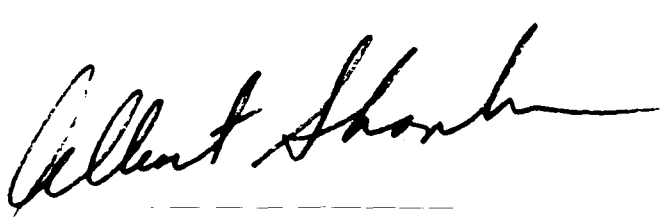
The essay closes with Al's reflections on the reasons for his long fight to preserve and strengthen public education.]

I think about what public education gave me.

Why do I continue when so much of what I've worked for seems threatened? To a large extent because I believe that public education is the glue that has held this country together. Critics now say that the common school never really existed, that it's time to abandon this ideal in favor of schools that are designed to appeal to groups based on ethnicity, race, religion, class, or common interests of various kinds. But schools like these would foster divisions in our society; they would be like setting a time bomb.

A Martian who happened to be visiting Earth soon after the United States was founded would not have given this country much chance of surviving. He would have predicted that this new nation, whose inhabitants were of different races, who spoke different languages, and who followed different religions, wouldn't remain one nation for long. They would end up fighting and killing each other. Then, what was left of each group would set up its own country, just as has happened many other times and in many other places. But that didn't happen. Instead, we became a wealthy and powerful nation—the freest the world has ever known. Millions of people from around the world have risked their lives to come here, and they continue to do so today.

Public schools played a big role in holding our nation together. They brought together children of different races, languages, religions, and cultures and gave them a common language and a sense of common purpose. We have not outgrown our need for this; far from it. Today, Americans come from more different countries and speak more different languages than ever before. Whenever the problems connected with school reform seem especially tough, I think about this. I think about what public education gave me—a kid who couldn't even speak English when I entered first grade. I think about what it has given me and can give to countless numbers of other kids like me. And I know that keeping public education together is worth whatever effort it takes.



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A bad treaty on chemical weapons.

CHEMICAL REACTION

By Douglas J. Feith

It would seem an indisputable good: a treaty to eliminate poison gas from Beijing to Buenos Aires. Yet the new Chemical Weapons Convention is having trouble in the Senate. And the more the treaty is debated, the deeper the trouble. In congressional hearings and public forums, even the treaty's champions have been forced to concede our severely limited ability to monitor compliance and enforce the ban.

As a result, the chief pro-treaty argument is no longer that the CWC, as the treaty is acronymically known, will abolish chemical weapons—for it obviously will not—but that the CWC is better than nothing. Administration officials, in their standard pitch to skeptical senators, now stress that the treaty is on balance worthwhile, if flawed, and rebuke critics for measuring the treaty against an unrealistic standard of "perfection." "The limits imposed by the CWC surely are imperfect," former National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft and former CIA Director John Deutch contended in a recent *Washington Post* op-ed, "but ... it is hard to see how its imperfect constraints are worse than no constraints at all."

The it's-better-than-nothing argument has some potency. After all, no decent person wants poison gas to proliferate. Conservatives and liberals alike want to continue to destroy the entire U.S. chemical arsenal regardless of what happens to the CWC. So even a small step in the direction of global abolition would be valuable. But the treaty is not such a step. It is not better than nothing. Indeed, it would eliminate export controls that now impede rogue states from developing their chemical warfare capabilities. And, as many senators have discovered after examining the treaty's 186-page text, it would exacerbate the problem of poison gas proliferation around the world.

Article XI, for instance, states that parties to the treaty shall:

> Not maintain among themselves any restrictions, including those in any international agreements, incompatible with the obligations undertaken under this Convention, which would restrict or impede trade and the development and promotion of scientific and technological knowledge in the field of chemistry for industrial, agricultural, research, medical, pharmaceutical or other peaceful purposes.

What this means is that the United States must not restrict chemical trade with any other CWC party—even Iran and Cuba, both of which are CWC signatories. Similarly, CWC Article X obliges countries to share with other parties technology relating to chemical weapons defense. "Each State Party," the article says, "undertakes to facilitate, and shall have the right to participate in, the fullest possible exchange of equipment, material and scientific and technological information concerning means of protection against chemical weapons."

Once Iran and Cuba ratify the treaty, our current export controls against them will surely be attacked as impermissible. Furthermore, those countries, upon joining the CWC, will claim entitlement to the advanced countries' "scientific and technological information" on how to protect their armed forces against chemical weapons. A crucial element of an offensive chemical weapons capability is the means to protect one's own forces from the weapons' effects.

Even if the U.S. government decides to maintain export controls against Iran and Cuba, Articles X and XI will invite other countries to transfer dangerous technology to them. Germany can be expected to invoke the treaty against any U.S. official who protests a planned sale of a chemical factory to, say, Iran. Indeed, Bonn could not only argue that its firms are allowed to sell chemical technology to Iran, but that they are actually *obliged* to do so, for Iran will have renounced chemical weapons by joining the CWC.

Articles X and XI are modeled on similar provisions in the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, called "atoms for peace," which even admirers acknowledge have spread the very nuclear technology the treaty was intended to contain. When Iran, Iraq and North Korea became signatories, they quickly gained access to this sensitive technology, ostensibly "for peaceful purposes." Yet it helped these outlaw states to develop their nuclear weapons programs. The CWC encourages the same abuse. Even Scowcroft and Deutch acknowledge "we must ensure that the CWC is not exploited to facilitate the diffusion of CWC specific technology ... even to signatory states." Alas, the perverse product of the CWC will be "poisons for peace."

Without the treaty, any country that wants to destroy its chemical weapons can do so, as is the United States. But, for the sake of declaring an unenforceable ban on chemical weapons possession, the CWC will undermine existing export controls that are, in fact, doing some good. It is a stunning, though not unprecedented, example of arms control diplomacy resulting in the opposite of its intended effect. The treaty brings to mind Santayana's definition of a "fanatic" as someone who redoubles his effort upon losing sight of his goal. As this absurdity impresses itself upon the Senate, that body appears intent on rejecting the agreement, thereby sending the administration and the world a beneficial message: arms control treaties should make us more secure, not less.

DOUGLAS J. FEITH oversaw chemical weapons arms control as Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Negotiations Policy in the Reagan administration.

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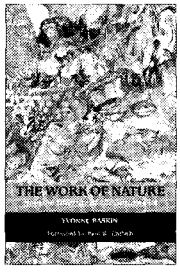
Clarify.



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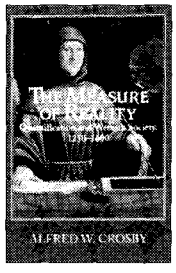

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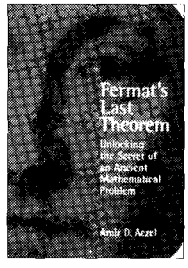

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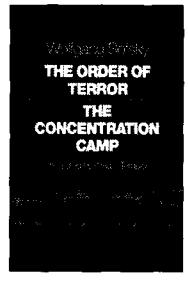

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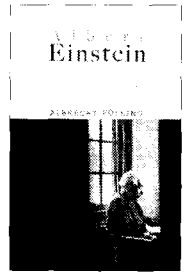

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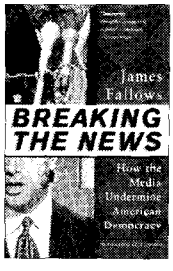

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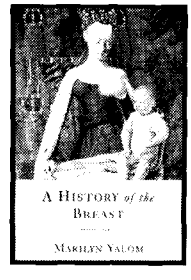

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Before You Check In

Dear (circle one) friend from Arkansas; friend but not from Arkansas; not a friend yet and not from Arkansas; major entertainer, preferably blond; disgruntled but optionless liberal; conservative but pragmatic CEO; poultry magnate, public official or dignitary; beloved brothers from holy temples on sacred land high atop the hills of Tibet or downtown Los Angeles:

My name is Susan, the White House concierge. Our reservations department, also known as the Committee to Re-Elect the President, has informed me that you're coming for a visit!

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If this is your first time with us, welcome! If you're a frequent sleeper, welcome back. Once you arrive, just give your bags to the Vice President, and let us make your needs our cares. Don't think of it as the White House—think of it as the White ***Home****.*

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by Douglas G. McGrath

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Why batterers get the kids.

FATHER KNOWS BEST

By Catherine Elton

Last December, when Judge Nancy Wieben Stock gave O.J. Simpson custody of his children, the nation reacted with shock. Nicole Brown's family, aided by battered women's advocates, not only appealed, but initiated a drive to recall Judge Stock and to pass legislation forbidding judges from placing children with wife-killers.

But Judge Stock's decision, while shocking, was not surprising. It is in fact common for judges to grant fathers who abuse their wives—even fathers convicted of murdering their wives—custody of their children. Says Rita Smith, executive director of the National Coalition Against Domestic Violence, "People don't believe this could be happening, but this happens to people every day." In a 1995 Florida case, for example, a father convicted of murdering his first wife won custody of his kids from a second marriage because their mother was a lesbian.

While there are no national statistics on how many batterers get custody, experts suggest the phenomenon is widespread. Women get custody of children far more often than men, about 85 percent of the time. But one reason for this is that most mothers' requests for custody go uncontested. When fathers do contest, they are at least as likely to win custody as their ex-wives. In Massachusetts, for instance, a 1989 state government report showed that contesting fathers won sole or joint physical custody in 70 percent of cases. Often enough, of course, fathers who win sole or joint custody do so because there are compelling arguments against placing the children with the mother. Nevertheless, men who would seem to have no business raising children—men who have beaten the children's mothers—do often contest custody. Research from the American Psychological Association shows that husbands who batter their spouses are twice as likely to seek custody as non-abusive husbands, in part because many abusers see it as a way to perpetuate control over their ex-wives.

Over the past five years, due to pressure from women's rights activists, some state legislatures have amended custody laws to acknowledge that domestic violence has a harmful effect and that this should be considered in custody decisions. Twenty-seven states have passed legislation requiring judges to consider domestic violence in determining custody. Ten have established a "rebuttable presumption" that it is not in the best interest of the child to place him or her in the custody of a batterer.

But, even in states where laws require judges to weigh domestic abuse heavily, they frequently dismiss it, according to a study in *Hofstra Law Review*. One reason is the still pervasive—if remarkable—belief, vocally articulated by fathers' rights groups, that there is no necessary connection between violence against wives and violence against those wives' children. This, despite research by experts such as Jeff Edleson, professor of social work at the University of Minnesota, showing that 40 to 60 percent of men who beat their wives also abuse their children.

And many judges remain suspicious that allegations of battery are actually true. Studies show that, even in states with rebuttable presumption provisions, judges often assume wives are making up abuse charges to gain the upper hand in bitter custody battles. A review of various such studies by Karen Czapanskiy, a law professor at the University of Maryland, writing in *Family Law Quarterly*, concludes that, "Credibility accorded to women litigants is less than that accorded to men litigants. The problem seems particularly acute when the issue is a woman's accusation that a man has been violent toward her."

Obviously, false charges do occur. But another reason for skepticism is that judges often rely heavily on the recommendations of court-appointed custody evaluators. And there is no requirement that these evaluators be trained in the behavioral effects of domestic abuse, which include apathy, hysteria and anger. To untutored evaluators, such behavior can undermine charges of abuse, rather than support them. As Michèle Harway, research director at California's Phillips Graduate Institute for marriage, family and child counseling, puts it, "The bottom line is that, if the evaluator doesn't have training, he will not be able to see beneath the symptoms and understand where the symptoms come from."

Another factor working against battered women is the widespread assumption of family court judges that harmonious relations between divorced parents are critical to child welfare. Thus, judges increasingly favor joint legal custody arrangements. The joint custody trend—which has its merits, but clearly not when one of the parents is a batterer—has had the unfortunate effect of making battered mothers reluctant to introduce allegations of domestic violence for fear that they will appear inimical to their former husbands. This reluctance augments the natural and well-documented fear of battered women to accuse their tormenters. State laws may inadvertently encourage this conspiracy of silence. In about half the states where judges are required to consider domestic violence as a factor in custody cases, they are also required to consider the "friendliness" of the parents. How "friendly" is a woman who accuses her husband of beating her?

You might think all of this would have feminist activists out in force, battling for binding laws to limit judges' discretion in custody cases involving domestic violence or the murder of a parent. But here the politics get tricky. In the wake of the O.J. civil trial, Republican

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ARE THESE REALLY MY PEOPLE? AM I TRULY AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN?

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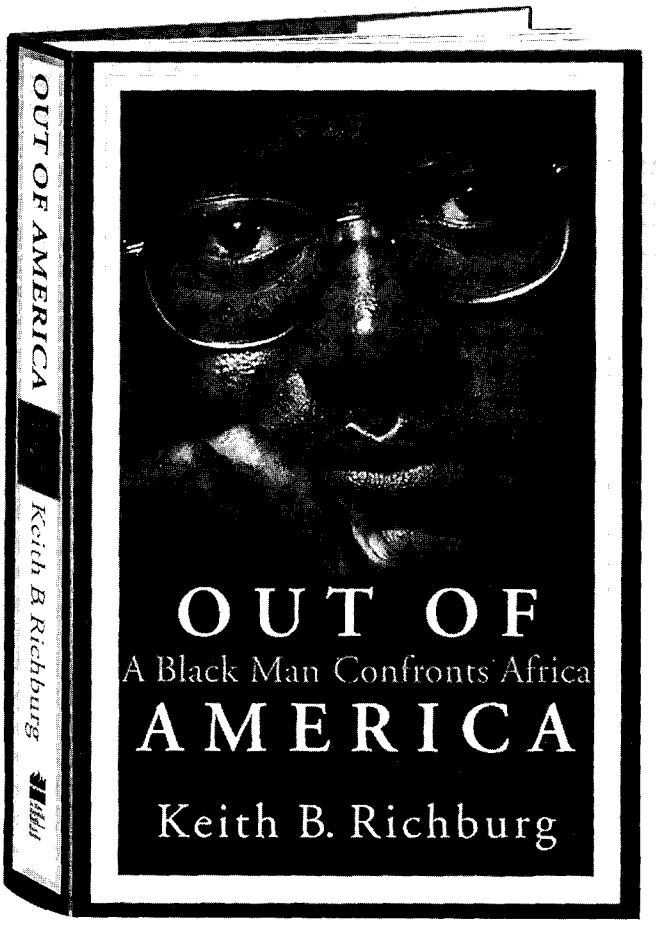

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A New Republic Book

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Assemblywoman Barbara Alby called for legislation in California that would prevent any parent convicted of killing a spouse from winning custody. Alby found herself facing some unlikely opponents: battered women's advocates. "I get concerned when we make across-the-board judgments and policy.... A homicide is not a homicide is not a homicide," said Sue Osthoff, director of the National Clearinghouse for the Defense of Battered Women. Osthoff worries that laws like Alby's that prevent wife-murderers from getting custody could equally be used against women convicted of killing their abusive spouses.

It would be unfair to suggest that women's advocates who oppose Alby's legislation are as responsible for delivering children into the hands of batterers as are the men's rights groups who deny any connection between spousal abuse and child-rearing behavior. The women's advocates have a point in their objection to Alby's bill. And, in any event, this bill would affect the small number of fathers who kill their wives, not the much larger number who simply beat them. Nevertheless, the recent opposition to Alby's bill in the California legislature and the constant clamoring of fathers' rights groups underscores a disturbing reality. The myth of child custody law is that it exists to protect the interests of the child. But law is shaped by people who are organized and powerful enough to express their interest—by adults: men's advocates and women's advocates and parents who hire their own advocates. •

Bosnia: The fighting starts.

A FIG-LEAF PEACE

By Anna Husarska

One day last month, 200 Bosnian Muslim worshipers walked to the west side of Mostar, the Croat part of this fractured town in southern Bosnia, to pray. They made their way to the Liska Street cemetery to celebrate the end of Ramadan, Islam's holy month. But, before they reached the graveyard's edge, a group of fifteen uniformed and plainclothes Bosnian Croat police arrived and started beating them with batons. As the worshipers tried to retreat, the cops drew their guns. A photo captured the deputy chief of the West Mostar police and one of his officers shooting at the crowd. The Muslim mayor of East Mostar, Safet Orucevic, and its mufti, Seid Smajkic, were wounded as they led the procession. A probe by the International Police Task Force, IPTF, determined the obvious: the West Mostar police were to blame for an attack that left one worshiper dead and another twenty-two wounded.

The international community has always treated Mostar as a special case, so special that, until last December, city administration was overseen by the European Union. Today forty-five foreign police officers from IPTF and 1,000 soldiers from the NATO-led Stabilization Force (SFOR) are stationed there. But on the day of the attack, February 10, soldiers from SFOR were nowhere to be found, and IPTF officers, who by law are unarmed, left the scene as the Bosnian Croat assailants appeared.

The pogrom made one thing clear: the foreign troops scattered across Bosnia are neither reversing the ethnic cleansing of the past nor even preventing the ethnic cleansing of the present. It showed just how impotent the international community remains in the face of sectarian thuggery. The United States and its peacekeeping partners still show no will to implement the Dayton Peace Agreement beyond separating the warring factions. And without will their declarations about halting or reversing ethnic cleansing remain exactly that—declarations.

One week after the pogrom in Mostar, a decision on the fate of another disputed Bosnian town, Brcko, revealed the international community's hypocrisy once again. Bosnian Serbs seized the area from the majority Croat-Bosniak population in May 1992. The three-mile-wide, east-west corridor where the town lies provides a vital link between the two stretches of land that constitute Republika Srpska, the ethnically pure Serb half of Bosnia. Brcko also matters to Belgrade because it houses 28,000 Serbian refugees resettled from the Krajina region (lost to Serbdom when Croatia retook the Krajina in a 1995 blitzkrieg) and the Sarajevo suburbs (which reverted to Bosniaks after Dayton).

Bosniaks (usually referred to as Muslims) and Bosnian Croats want and need the land because it provides a route north to the Sava river, which is vital for transportation, as well as to Croatia. And it is the former home of some 39,000 Bosniak and 10,000 Bosnian Croat refugees, many of whom have nowhere else to go. Brcko is admittedly a tough issue. The international community's high representative, Carl Bildt, calls it "the mother of all difficulties." The decision to leave the town's fate to arbitration was born in Dayton, at the very last moment. This final Peace Agreement says with regard to Brcko—"see attached map"—but there never was a map, nor any other clarification.

The chief arbitrator, American lawyer Roberts Owen, determined that the claims of the Serb cleansers were more legitimate as the claims of the Bosniak cleansed. He also ignored the only good solution: long-term international governship. Instead, he decided to leave Brcko in the hands of Bosnian Serbs for at least a year, before reconsidering the issue. In so doing, he rewarded "ethnic cleansing" in the short term and, most likely, in the long-term. The arbitrators from the Bosniak-Croatian Federation and Republika Srpska both refused to endorse the ruling. But there was at least one official pleased with the decision: John

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Kornblum, the White House's envoy to the Balkans, who favors handing the entire town to the Bosnian Serbs. "Whether they agree or not is their business," he said of the parties involved. "We mean to implement it."

Of course, simply ratifying the status quo and giving Brcko to the Bosnian Serbs would have provoked outrage among the Bosniak authorities in Sarajevo. So Owen found a fig leaf, in the form of one-year international supervision. It is, to be sure, a tiny fig leaf, but big enough for Kornblum, who declared: "It's definitely enough to avoid war."

Or is it? Why should the "international supervision" that's failing in Mostar be successful in Brcko, where the stakes are higher and the thugs equally opposed to desegregation. Indeed, for Bosnian Serbs in Brcko, who watched the violence in Mostar, the lesson is clear: in "internationally supervised" Bosnia, one can get away with murder.

Brcko's fate over the next year now seems clear: the supervisor to be appointed by High Representative Bildt will surely lack the military muscle necessary to enforce his decisions, and will be forced to rely on the cooperation of the highly uncooperative Bosnian Serbs. A plan to set up an *armed* police force will probably be shelved in favor of expanding the current *unarmed* one. Thus, indicted war criminal and former deputy commander of Brcko's Luka detention camp, Radko Cesic, will continue to roam freely through the town. The IPTF will still be impotent to stop the Bosnian Serb police from violating human rights. The SFOR will not enforce any provisions of the Dayton Peace Agreement other than its limited military aspects, lest the mission creep. And, anyway, the enforcers won't be staying long. Asked recently about the future of U.S. peacekeepers in Bosnia, Defense Secretary William Cohen said, "It's very clear that June of 1998, we'll be on our way out." When they leave, human rights principles like the return of refugees, freedom of movement and even physical safety will likely be flouted even more egregiously.

The Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe (which last September brought us national elections in Bosnia that were neither free nor fair) will probably postpone Bosnia's municipal elections until late summer because it has neither the financial nor the human resources to organize even as indecent a ballot as the one it held last fall. A vote under these circumstances will legitimize the local authorities currently in power. And, one year from now, Brcko's ethnic cleansing will graduate from an interim travesty to a permanent one.

High Commissioner Carl Bildt knows all this but seems resigned to it. At the United States military's McGovern base in Brcko, he declared: "It is somewhat easier to write the thing in a Washington law firm than to [implement] it on the ground in Brcko." Then, almost matter-of-factly: "This is a potential spot where the war could restart." •

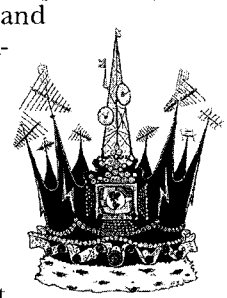
MEDIA REX

PARTIAL TRUTHS

By William Powers

> "A prominent member of the abortion rights movement said today that he lied in earlier statements when he said a controversial form of late-term abortion is rare and performed primarily to save the lives or fertility of women bearing severely malformed babies."
>
> —Lead sentence of a story in *The New York Times*, February 26, 1997, page A-12

Though it appeared deep inside the paper, this little piece had that certain something that keeps a story banging around the brain for hours, and even days, after you put it down. The admitted liar was Ron Fitzsimmons, executive director of the National Coalition of Abortion Providers, a group of about 200 independent clinics. The *Times* had picked up the story from a weekly trade paper called *American Medical News*, in which Fitzsimmons was quoted as saying not simply that he had lied about what many have come to call "partial-birth abortions," but that he had "lied through [his] teeth."



The procedure in question became a political issue in 1995, when the anti-abortion forces realized they could focus a national campaign on its brutality—a late-term fetus is delivered, feet-first, to the point at which only its head remains in the birth canal; the skull is then punctured, and the brains are sucked out—and the Republican Congress passed a bill banning the procedure. In the public debate, almost all the pro-choice side's statements were artfully crafted to suggest that this procedure, which doctors call "dilation and extraction" or "intact dilation and evacuation," was used almost exclusively to save the lives and the childbearing prospects of a few hundred unlucky women whose pregnancies had gone terribly awry. By and large, the major media accepted this claim, and President Clinton vetoed the congressional ban on the basis of it.

Then came Fitzsimmons's confession: most—not some, but most—of these controversial abortions were elective terminations of normal pregnancies. When Fitzsimmons told a "Nightline" interviewer in 1995 (in a statement that never aired) that there were 450 partial-birth abortions performed annually, he was referring only to third-term abortions performed to save the mother's life or health, or because of fetal deformity. What he neglected to note, and has now admitted, is that in many other cases each year—several

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thousand—the procedure is used to end healthy late second-term pregnancies. And Fitzsimmons now says it was not just he who had lied, but most of those who led the abortion-rights side of the debate. Most partial-birth abortions involve a healthy fetus twenty weeks or more old, and a healthy mother, he said, "and the abortion-rights folks know it."

One might have expected the press (not to mention the president), who had swallowed what now seemed clearly to be disinformation, to rise up in outrage and demand the truth. Was Fitzsimmons right? How often are these abortions performed, and why? Was a presidential policy decision on an important issue made upon a false premise? (Among those who accepted the abortion-rights line was this magazine, which stated in an editorial last May that the abortions in question "are almost always a last resort, in cases where catastrophic fetal abnormalities have been discovered late in pregnancy or when continuing the pregnancy would pose a grave threat to the life or health of the mother.") But the mainstream media did not make any serious attempt to seek out the truth. The *Times* took the easy way out, a follow-up story on the front page about political maneuvering in the wake of the story, headlined: "DYNAMICS CHANGE IN BATTLE TO BAN ABORTION METHOD." Most other print and television reports on the Fitzsimmons admission have suggested that the story is about one man's lie.

The media's reticence is especially odd since the truth seems rather gettable. The difficult spadework on the story was begun impressively last year by a few journalists who reported that the real number of partial-birth abortions did not jibe with the statements of the abortion-rights advocates. Ruth Padawer, a staff writer for *The Record* newspaper in Bergen, New Jersey, broke the story last September, simply by doing a little Journalism 101: she called local clinics, asked how many of these abortions they performed, did some math and wrote up her conclusions: "Interviews with physicians who use the method reveal that in New Jersey alone, at least 1,500 partial-birth abortions are performed each year, three times the supposed national rate. Moreover, doctors say only a 'minuscule amount' are for medical reasons." Days later, David Brown and Barbara Vobejda of *The Washington Post* reported similar findings. And the *American Medical News* reporter who wrote the Fitzsimmons story, Diane Gianelli, first reported way back in 1993 that the annual total of partial-birth abortions might be in the thousands, and that the majority are elective.

The day the Fitzsimmons story broke, "Nightline" devoted a segment to it, featuring Fitzsimmons and Kate Michelman of the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League. If anyone is capable of reducing this complex subject to its plain essentials, you would expect it to be Ted Koppel. But even he got flummoxed.

Koppel: Well, what were you lying through your teeth about?

Fitzsimmons: When I said that the procedures were performed only in about 450 cases and only in those severe circumstances. That was not accurate. But we have no apologies for this procedure.

Koppel: But you were adding in the procedures that are performed in the second trimester, right? And there's never been any question about those. Those are not even at issue as far as the law is concerned. Those are perfectly legal.

Well yes, but that's not the point. The partial-birth abortion bill passed by Congress and vetoed by President Clinton last year was a ban on all abortions—*without regard to trimester*—"in which the person performing the abortion partially vaginally delivers a living fetus before killing the infant and completing the delivery." The bill had one exception: cases in which the life of the mother is endangered and no other medical procedure can save her.

The measure did not get into timing because it was a bald attempt by the anti-abortion lobby to narrow the conditions under which abortion is legal. The Supreme Court has ruled that states may outlaw abortions only after fetal viability, as long as they continue to allow exceptions for the life and health of the mother—and "health" may include psychological health. Though viability varies, it becomes more common after twenty-four weeks, so, around this point, it gradually gets more difficult for a woman to legally end a healthy pregnancy. But, since the partial-birth procedure is used beginning at twenty weeks, outlawing it would move legal prohibition backward in time, into the gray area of viability—and even pre-viability—at least with regard to this one procedure.

In response to this threat, Michelman and others have claimed over the last few years that the saddest partial-birth cases—the sort Clinton made famous when he appeared with five women who had had partial-birth abortions to end endangering pregnancies—were the *only* cases in which partial-birth abortion was used. A 1995 letter to Congress signed by Michelman's group, and many of the other leading abortion-rights organizations, said: "This surgical procedure is used only in rare cases, fewer than 500 per year. It is most often performed in the cases of wanted pregnancies gone tragically wrong, when a family learns late in pregnancy of severe fetal anomalies or a medical condition that threatens the pregnant woman's life or health."

What Fitzsimmons tried, several times, to tell Koppel was that, in fact, 3,000 to 5,000 partial-birth abortions were performed every year on fetuses twenty weeks or older; and, of these, only 500 to 750 were performed for reasons of maternal health in the third trimester. Koppel seemed unable to hear Fitzsimmons, and not terribly interested either. But his lack of interest was not really surprising, and neither is the indifference of the rest of the media. It's embarrassing to admit that you've been gulled. It's worse to admit you gulled yourself. •

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Smile! Be happy! Work, you bastard!

WRITING ON THE WALL

By Stephen Glass

When Stanley Galloway, environmental engineer, steps into his small office near Dale City, Virginia, he inhales deeply through his nose, holds his breath and then exhales. His eyelids drop halfway, almost as if he is in prayer. Galloway has the appearance of a man who spends a lot of time sweating the details. The pocket of his very starched, short-sleeved, button-down shirt is overstuffed with a small ruler, five pens, two mechanical pencils and a half-consumed Pink Pearl eraser. But, in the sanctity of his office, his gangly limbs hang calmly near his body, his raced speech slows. He breathes deeply two more times. Then he reaches into a small glass fishbowl on his desk and draws a green card. "The mind, like a parachute," he reads aloud while the edges of his lips curl into a slight, beatific smile, "functions only when open." He pauses, and, behind his thick glasses, his pupils roll upwards, deep in thought. "That's a nice one, yes, a really nice one," he says. "Yes, I do feel much better."

It is only natural that Galloway's office should bring balm to his soul. It is a chapel of sorts, a shrine to worker productivity. Five framed posters line the wood-paneled walls. One is of a jogger at dusk, running on an endless road. The large orange type underneath says "Quality: The race for quality has no finish line." Another, titled "Teamwork," features rowers at dawn. On Galloway's desk is a mug emblazoned with the words: "Make it Happen." On his sport jacket, he wears a brass lapel pin engraved with the words: "Expect to Win."

Over the past eighteen months, Galloway says he has spent more than $1,500 on motivational tools such as these, and he is not satiated yet. "I really wish I could buy some more," Galloway says, wistfully. He is saving money to buy the $120, three-foot-tall "Optimism" lithograph for his mailman. "My wife's friends are sort of sick of me telling them about the virtues of workplace motivation, so I've moved on to other people," he says. "I really need to tell as many people as possible. These successories are points of light during the murky times."

"Successories." That is the term of art, or rather commerce, for self-propaganda of the sort Galloway has fallen in love with, and it is a term that has become increasingly familiar in corporate America. Successories, Inc.—the industry giant that offers more than 6,000 products—has increased sales fourteen-fold in seven years to $55 million. In addition to catalog sales, the suburban Chicago company is one of the country's fastest-growing chainstores; it already has 100 shops covering nearly every state. The company projects that this number will triple in the next three years. Big corporations swear by successories. Southwest Airlines recently ordered $38,000 in posters for its corporate offices. Coca-Cola, Xerox, Ford, 3M and AT&T are also regular clients.

But, unlike the dozens of management trends—from teams to Total Quality Management—that come and go each year, successories have ignited a firestorm in the otherwise dreary field of human resources. In one camp is a group of academics and irritated employees called "The Hards," in light of their endless demands for hard data to prove that successories work. In the other camp are corporate executives and a few business school professors called "The Sensors," who maintain that not all information can be quantified and that people like Galloway prove successories work.

Eighty miles south of Dale City, just west of Richmond, five women sit at Barbara Fenn's dining room table licking envelopes. Fenn, a nervous woman with frizzy brown hair and bright red glasses, is the leader of a group called Successories Hurt Employees, often called SHURE. The group believes that successories, at best, irritate workers and, at worst, boost employee cynicism, actually reducing productivity. She cites herself as a case study. For more than twenty years, Fenn has worked as a paralegal at a local law firm. She says she loved going to work each morning until last year, when the firm hung a large "Teamwork" poster over her desk. "I couldn't take it. It was so insulting. It's like saying, 'You haven't been part of a team so get on board already,' " Fenn says. "But the pens, the pens angered me more." The pens came three months after the poster. One day, Fenn arrived at work to find that the firm had replaced all the paralegals' pens with new, successorized writing utensils, pens imprinted with messages like "Make it Happen" and "Whatever it Takes" inscribed on the barrel. The tipping point for Fenn came on Christmas, when the firm installed a new screen saver on her computer. "Every time I paused a motivational message popped up and filled my screen," Fenn says. "That was the last straw. It's just like a religion. Could you imagine if a Jew for Jesus or a born-again

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Christian was putting their messages over your desk and on your computer? I don't need to be proselytized all day long. I do my job."

On January 2, Fenn and a handful of paralegals formed SHURE and threatened to walk out if the law firm didn't remove the successories. The partners laughed. So, the paralegal team came to work twenty minutes late the next Monday. On Tuesday, they arrived forty minutes late. By Wednesday, the successories were gone. In place of the "Teamwork" poster was a framed Monet print.

"It is a quiet, brutal war," says a Hard at the University of Pennsylvania who asked that his name not be used since many of his colleagues are Sensors. "For [Sensors, successories] is a church, and these posters are the idols. They have to convert you to it."

It has been a long time since American businesses tried to motivate their workers with moralistic slogans. In the 1920s and '30s, popular signs lectured: "Let's Make Good for Mother." But the posters petered out in the 1950s and '60s when the father of quality-control, W. Edwards Deming, urged managers to eliminate slogans. Mac Anderson, the founder of Successories, Inc., is credited by many with resurrecting motivational sayings in 1985, when he sold 1.7 million copies of an inspirational quote book. Soon after, Anderson started putting the quotes on plaques, posters and paperweights.

The natural insecurity of businessmen perpetuated the rise of successories. When one company started successorizing, the other companies in that field got nervous: What if it worked? It's safer to err on the side of imitation. Successories for one became successories for all. "Every guy who came in here told us we had to have more pictures of forests with inspirational poems under them, more slogans and more quips," says a human resources manager of a Midwestern Fortune 500 company who quietly sides with the Hards. "They were everywhere. Even elevators and bathroom stalls; you couldn't escape. You're sitting on the toilet and you need to see a sign that tells you to work harder? I don't think so."

Up until last October, the Hards were a marginal and unorganized crew. But, that month, the Conference Board, a New York research group that tracks consumer confidence for the government, published a scathing article about successories in its monthly newsletter. Under the headline "Simple—or Simple-Minded?" the Conference Board ridiculed the posters as more self-help than motivation.

The article galvanized the Hards. One of them, Warren Bennis, a professor of business administration at the University of Southern California, dismisses successories as worthless. "The only people they help are the people who make them," he says. "That's not good management, that's money wasted." Rick Roessler, a University of Arkansas professor who co-authored a book on modifying work behavior, says research indicates that successories are only effective if they are specific and linked to training. Otherwise, he jokes, they "just become a part of the wallpaper."

Bennis and many other Hards say their experience demonstrates that employees are so cynical about successories that the products actually reduce efficiency. "When I go to a corporation to consult," Bennis says. "I often see the employees have scribbled comments on the posters, or are throwing darts at them. Let's be honest: that's not working, and that's taking up time."

Anderson dismisses successories' critics and points to his company's roster of happy customers. "We get so many letters praising our products and telling us how they helped them get inspired through rough times," he says. "That's why we think they work." He pauses, then adds: "Look, you're going to decorate your walls anyway. Why not use something that's good for the team?"

At the moment, the battle between the Hards and the Sensors seems to be going pretty much the Sensors' way, the successories way. Financial analysts expect Successories, Inc. and its competitors to post record sales this year. And company executives say they plan to expand their market by introducing a home line and a children's line. But Fenn and the other members of SHURE say they're "in it for the long haul," and have just begun publishing a newsletter called *The Hards' Way*. They also sell a parody version of Successories, Inc.'s computer screen saver. It shows the boat in the "Teamwork" poster capsized and a rower drowning. They hope to eventually use the profits to buy back successories from companies that agree to destroy them.

The Hards might take heart, though, if they knew the dirty little secret at Successories, Inc. Calling the company's headquarters is certainly an inspiring experience. The sound-wallpaper a caller gets on hold is not the traditional Muzak, but quips from philosophers, politicians and sports heroes reminding the caller never to "shy away from challenges." Between quotes, the recording repeats Successories' slogan: "Our only goal is simple: to help you reach yours." Unfortunately, the company hasn't even done that well meeting its own goal. Despite record sales, creative advertising and multiplying franchises, Successories, Inc. lost millions of dollars over the past few years. In 1995, the once-profitable company posted a $7.7 million loss despite an all-time sales high. The main reason, by many accounts: low worker morale. One former employee says he "goofed off more there than any of the other four jobs [I] had before." Another says: "We spent a lot of time playing jokes on each other and wandering around."

In fact, productivity hit such a low in 1995 that the company hired James Beltrame, who had earned a reputation as a corporate turnaround expert. Beltrame cut 30 percent of the company's workforce, replacing them with new people, including an entirely new management team. He also condensed the company's eight facilities into one new building. Successories posted a $25,000 profit as of November. "Sure, there are still posters on the walls," says a longtime employee. "There have to be because that's what we sell. But no one pays any attention to it anymore." •

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Dr. Maybe heads for the CIA.

THE GREAT EQUIVOCATOR

By Jacob Heilbrunn

One of the customs of the times is that, every so often, a presidential nominee must be destroyed—Borked—by the opposition to get even for the last Borking by the other side. This season, an inoffensive man who has championed bipartisan establishmentarianism all his career, Anthony Lake, President Clinton's first-term national security adviser, and now his choice for director of the Central Intelligence Agency, has been targeted by congressional Republicans as revenge for John Tower, George Bush's first choice as secretary of defense, whose nomination was scuttled by congressional Democrats after they leaked raw FBI files on Tower's boozing and tarting to the press. Senate Intelligence Committee Chairman Richard Shelby, who voted against Robert Bork's nomination—and Tower's—before switching to the GOP in 1994, is eager to prove his loyalty to his new party. Already Shelby has managed to postpone Lake's formal hearing until March 11, and threatens not to hold a hearing at all unless Lake releases *his* raw FBI files.

The Borking, or rather Towering, of Lake centers on several charges. The first is that Lake's unwillingness to condemn Alger Hiss on the November 24 edition of NBC's "Meet the Press" shows that Lake is soft on traitors and on communist spying in this country, an unwelcome trait in a CIA director. The second charge, aired in the January 27 issue of *National Review*, tends in the opposite direction; it holds that Lake possesses a dangerous and "largely unrecognized taste for the cloak-and-dagger life." This charge finds its genesis in Lake's 1994 approval of Iranian arms shipments to Bosnia and his failure to inform Congress; his putative cover-up of human rights violations in Haiti; and the NSC's supposed involvement in Clinton fund-raising scandals. A third charge is that Lake is guilty of malversation, the evidence being a token $5,000 fine he was assessed by the Justice Department for failing to sell several stock holdings promptly.

The Republican bill of wrongs is not impressive, and the assault has to some degree backfired. Robert Gates, a former director of the CIA, endorsed Lake in an oped in the January 29 *Wall Street Journal*, and moderate GOP Senators Richard Lugar and John Chafee have lauded him. Repelled by Shelby's partisan snipes, the consensus of the thoughtful, sensible foreign policy and intelligence establishment is that Lake should be confirmed, and quickly.

Should he? In fact, there is a strong case against confirming Lake; it is just not the case the Republicans have made. The problem with Lake is not that he is too ideological. It is that he is not ideological enough. The right is right to focus on Lake's refusal to take a stand on Hiss's guilt, but wrong about what it means. Lake waffled not because of some lingering affinity for communism, but because the Hiss case hits Lake in his blind spot. Lake's view of the world, decisively shaped by the central event of his young adulthood, the Vietnam War, is rooted in moral ambiguity and ambivalence. From Cambodia to the Soviet Union, from Bosnia to the Middle East, Lake's career-long penchant has been to evade unpleasant realities and elide the differences imposed by clear moral choices.

In his actions and speeches as NSC adviser, Lake has tried to have it both ways, to appear both a realist and an idealist. Rhetorically, Lake is a crusading liberal internationalist; practically, he shrinks from the use of American force abroad. Like his boss, President Clinton, Lake has been genuinely tormented by the choices confronting him—but, time and time again, he has managed his torment by choosing not to choose. Hiss, guilty or not? Pol Pot, threat or blessing? Bosnia, civil war or genocide? In the mind of Anthony Lake, the answer to all of these has been: Who can really say?

Anthony Lake began his professional life on the far eastern front of John F. Kennedy's new frontier. In a July 20, 1975, cover story for *The New York Times Magazine*, Lake recalled that, after seeing JFK on the campaign trail in 1960, "I wrote home that I wanted to concentrate on Asia because that was where the human problems were most intense, and I hoped to contribute in a small way to their alleviation." Entering the foreign service in 1962, Lake became a star of his class—his chief rival was the equally ambitious Richard Holbrooke. In 1963, both Lake and Holbrooke went to Vietnam, where they served as assistants to Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. Initially, Lake was in his element. He learned Vietnamese, and he reveled in the sense of adventure and danger. But, as the war dragged on, Lake's wife, Antonia, turned against it; Lake began to have reservations, ones that would eventually alter

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his perceptions about America's practical ability and moral right to decide between right and wrong in the conduct of nations, and to enforce its decision.

By and large, Lake suffered his doubts quietly. When his tour in Vietnam was over, he went back to school, earning a master's degree in public affairs at the Woodrow Wilson school at Princeton, then returned to government. In 1969, Lake was appointed special assistant to Richard Nixon's national security adviser, Henry Kissinger. Kissinger was fascinated by Lake; Kissinger biographer Walter Isaacson writes that Kissinger saw his special assistant as "his fair-haired young intellectual, an idealistic foreign service officer with the brains and breeding that Kissinger admired." Mutual disillusionment was inevitable. Lake became frustrated when the complicated timetables for a joint American and North Vietnamese withdrawal that he drew up went nowhere in the Paris peace negotiations conducted by Kissinger, Holbrooke and Averell Harriman. Meanwhile, Lake's wife was—literally—outside the White House gates marching against the war.

In May 1970, Lake joined Roger Morris and Winston Lord in a last-ditch effort to dissuade Kissinger from expanding the secret bombing of Cambodia. The effort failed. It was, anyway, a limited effort. As Kissinger pointed out in his memoir, *White House Years*, Lake & Co. did not object to the bombing of Cambodia per se, but only to deep-penetration bombing; "the alternatives proposed were," Kissinger noted, "an evasion of our hard choices, a sop to consciences, not a guide to action." An evasion, you might say, that would become habitual.

After his resignation, Lake returned to Princeton, where he earned a Ph.D. with a study of American foreign policy toward Rhodesia. There, his conflicted worldview and his ability to ignore that conflict soon manifested themselves. According to a *New York Times Magazine* piece, Lake responded to a question on his written exam for the Ph.D. about realism in foreign policy by taking the hard-nosed Kissingerian line. After seeing a film on Nazism that evening, he returned the next day to astonish his professors in his oral examination by attacking realism. In 1972, Lake left Princeton to work on Edmund Muskie's ill-fated presidential campaign—a move that prompted Kissinger to begin wiretapping Lake—and then spent several years at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and, later, at an organization called International Voluntary Services, a kind of private Peace Corps.

But Vietnam remained Lake's obsession. He provided a revealing glimpse of his views in a lengthy March 19, 1975, *Washington Post* op-ed titled "AT STAKE IN CAMBODIA: EXTENDING AID WILL ONLY PROLONG THE KILLING." The article, which was entered several times into the *Congressional Record*, was directed at Lake's old boss, Kissinger. It began by reciting the standard liberal line that Vietnam was not a war of aggression by the North against the South. It was, Lake wrote, a civil war. The distinction was fundamental. Since Vietnam was a civil war, and both sides were nationalists, the U.S. should view the struggle with equanimity. The North might even be morally superior to the South.

Developing the idea, Lake applied this logic to Cambodia. "Cambodia," he explained, "must be recognized as a civil war, not an international war, as Vietnam should have been so long ago." Lake went on to hail the Khmer Rouge, despite the common knowledge that they were slaughtering innocents: "A further measure of damage-limitation would involve adopting a diplomatic and rhetorical position which eschewed bitter attacks on Lon Nol's enemies. They are indeed supported by Hanoi, Peking, and Moscow. But, to the extent we know much about them, they include many Khmer nationalists, Communist and non-Communist. Once they gain power, we must hope for as much nationalism on their part as possible." Indeed, Lake called for "an immediate, peaceful turning over of power" to the Khmer Rouge. "This," he concluded, "would stop the final, useless killing."

Though Lake attacked Kissinger in print, he was careful not to break the unwritten codes of the foreign policy establishment. When Lake sued Kissinger for wiretapping him, he did it as quietly as he had resigned. But Holbrooke played the game more masterfully. When Jimmy Carter became president, it was Holbrooke, to Lake's dismay, who became one of the youngest assistant secretaries of state in history. Lake had to settle for heading the State Department's policy planning staff.

Still, Lake ended up providing the intellectual scaffolding for Secretary of State Cyrus Vance's new approach to foreign policy. That scaffolding rested on a belief now firmly held by Lake and many in the younger foreign policy establishment of which he was a charter member: in a cold war world full of complex, dangerous and morally ambivalent choices, America's proper role was to stay out of trouble. The example of Vietnam, wrote Harvard professor Stanley Hoffmann, proved that the U.S. should focus on global economic and social justice rather than the turnip ghost of communist insurgencies abroad: "the best policy is one of prophylactic accommodation."

These were the words Carter and Vance and Lake lived by. It was Lake who authored Carter's 1977 speech at Notre Dame decrying America's "inordinate fear of communism." Vance insisted that the U.S. take Soviet professions of good intent on arms control at face value, and that the U.S. not become obsessed by rivalry with the Kremlin. In a speech to the African Studies Association, Lake spelled out this view: "we have come to look at the problems of the Third World more in their own light.... We can do so because we have come to appreciate better the limits to the influence of both the Soviet Union and the United States...." But it was precisely Third World humiliations that ended up undoing the Carter administration: first the storming of the American Embassy in Tehran, then the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in

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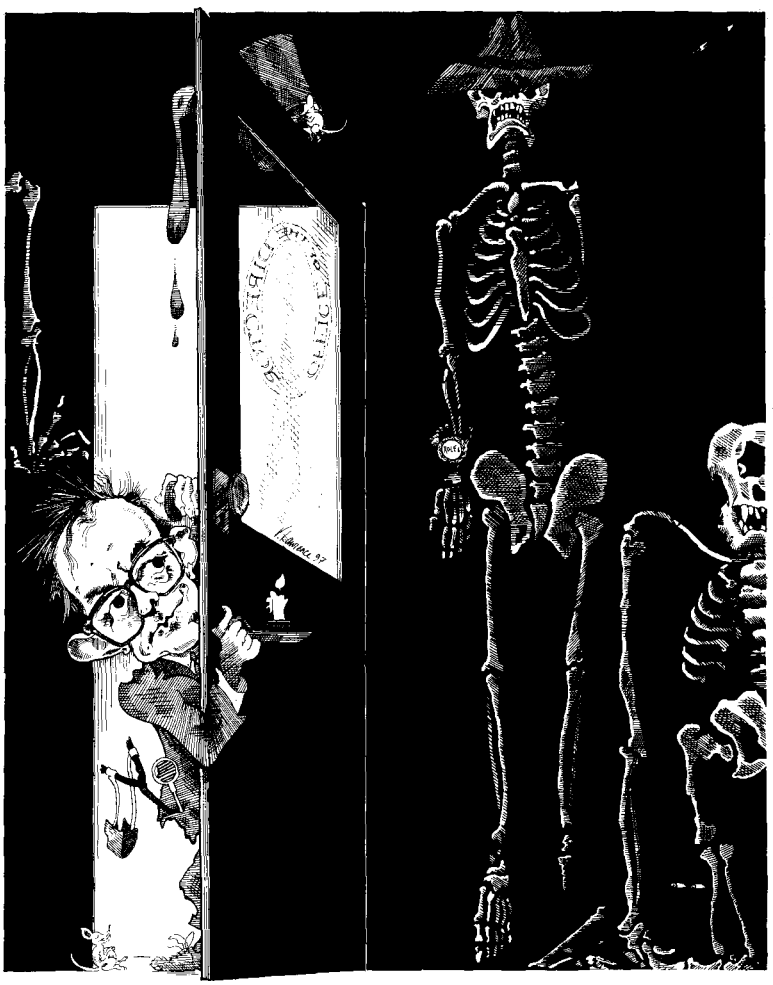
December 1979. Power politics triumphed over the ambivalent moralism espoused by Vance and Lake.

When Ronald Reagan entered office with a foreign policy platform diametrically opposed to Carter's, Lake retreated to Mount Holyoke College, where he taught and tended his cattle farm. He remained involved in foreign affairs on the national level as a writer. His writings suggested that he had learned some lessons from the Carter administration's mistakes. In books such as *Somoza Falling*, he pondered the Carter administration's maladroit attempts to push Tehran and Managua toward reform. But Lake never overcame his reluctance to make the hard choices, to distinguish between ally and adversary. In a book titled *Our Own Worst Enemy*, cowritten with Leslie Gelb and I.M. Destler, Lake deplored the politicization of American foreign policy that had taken place and declared that "We need ... to seek to recapture the good that the old Establishment represented—namely, a centrist political force that can help the country stay on a steadier and publicly supportable policy course."



ANTHONY LAKE BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

What Lake understood by "supportable" became clear in a 1984 *Foreign Affairs* article titled "FOUR MORE YEARS: DIPLOMACY RESTORED?," written by Lake and Gelb, who now heads the Council on Foreign Relations. Lake and Gelb complained that Reagan believed that "Washington's policies should not have to adjust to the world—strong reassertive America could make the world adjust to Washington." Gelb and Lake maintained that disarray in the administration had led to a deterioration of U.S.-Soviet relations and warned that the Reagan administration bore the responsibility for the Soviet walkout of the talks on intermediate-range nuclear weapons stationed in Europe. The Soviets, they wrote, "seemed to be sending a message to the American electorate: there could be no genuine arms control while Reagan remained president."

Three years later, Lake had to reverse himself: the Soviets had capitulated on the INF treaty and were pulling out of Afghanistan. In an April 24, 1988, *New York Times* op-ed, Lake described the INF treaty as "a marked success for an administration that is supposed to be tottering on its last legs." But, still, Lake could not bring himself to admit that an approach he regarded as fundamentally wrong—and worse, impolite—had worked. He depicted the accommodation with the Soviet Union as the result of a change of heart in the Reagan administration rather than in the Kremlin. He applauded the results, but failed to recognize an important cause—Reagan's intransigence. Instead, for Lake, the important question was, as ever, "could the beginnings of a new selective bipartisanship be visible?"

By the early 1990s, Lake's views appeared to have evolved. He was one of the key interlocutors with the hawkish Democrats who supported Clinton's election in 1992. And he seemed to have come around on the issue of force; he pushed Clinton during the campaign and in the interregnum to take a strong stand against the Serbs, and Clinton did. But, in office, Clinton abandoned the get-tough approach, and Lake largely stood by. Unlike Madeleine Albright, Lake would not prod Clinton to live up to his campaign rhetoric. Instead, he retreated to the thinking of his nonage. Just as he had viewed the Khmer Rouge as a nationalist force, and just as he had seen the Vietnam War as a civil war, so he now saw Bosnia in the same light. The old ideas of moral equivalence between warring parties once again took precedence. In late November, one aide to then-U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright recalled that Lake would interrupt meetings by "reciting the names of obscure Vietnamese hamlets" as he worried himself into indecision over the consequences of intervention. When Albright famously confronted then-Chief of Staff Colin Powell on his unwillingness to use force in Bosnia, Powell recollected that Lake stood up for him. "You know, Madeleine," Powell remembered him saying, "the kinds of questions Colin is asking about goals are exactly the ones the military never asked during Vietnam."

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Lake became famous for chairing deliberations that never arrived at conclusions. Participants in NSC meetings still say that the meetings only ran smoothly and produced coherent results when they were headed by Lake's former deputy (and current national security adviser), Sandy Berger. In his memoirs, Powell recounts that "the discussions continued to meander like graduate-student bull sessions or the think-tank seminars in which many of my new colleagues had spent the last twelve years while their party was out of power. Backbenchers sounded off with the authority of cabinet officers."

There were exceptions to Lake's ambivalence. He was instrumental in pushing for military action in Haiti. Republican sniping has not been able to obscure the fact that the U.S. did oust a dictator and preside over a democratic election. But Haiti was an isolated episode, not a sign that he, Lake, had become comfortable with exercising American power abroad. And so on the most important issue facing the administration—Bosnia—Lake never did come up with a strategy, nor did he come to terms with the hard choice at hand. As Jason DeParle pointed out in the August 20, 1995, *New York Times Magazine*, Lake was still trapped in what might charitably be called wishful thinking just a few weeks before the Serbs overran the "safe havens" in Srebrenica and Zepa: "One thing we can hope is that whole event will have led all the parties to take a look at what going over the edge could mean," Lake said. They looked and they did.

Not until Lake's old rival Holbrooke was recalled to the State Department did the conflict end. The use of force, first by the Croatians and the Bosnians in the early summer of 1995, and then, conclusively, through the U.S. airpower that Lake had shrunk from employing, brought the Serbs to heel. Holbrooke succeeded by marrying force to diplomacy. Lake had never really tried either.

Lake's ambivalence about confronting American enemies abroad was not confined to Bosnia. It also manifested itself toward Islamic fundamentalists in the Middle East and North Africa. In Algeria, the administration began to urge the government to talk to the Islamic Salvation Front, or FIS, in 1994. Writing in *Foreign Affairs*, Lake explained that "as President Clinton has said, America has a deep respect for the religion and culture of Islam. It is extremism, whether religious or secular, that we oppose." In a May 1994 speech, Lake warned against seeing a "fundamental divide pitting Western liberal democratic traditions against ... Islam and other religious traditions." Lake singled out economic misery and the exclusion of militants from the political sphere as the causes of terrorism. The hope was to reach an accommodation with the rebels in the event they came to power. The Clinton administration's brief flirtation with the FIS not only threw Algeria into a panic, but Egypt and Saudi Arabia as well.

And, as one of the architects of the administration's China policy, Lake has been at the forefront in coddling Beijing. Lake, who has adopted the Clintonite obsession with markets—the term appeared forty-one times in a recent speech—has insisted that the U.S. refrain from exposing Chinese efforts to export nuclear materials to Third World countries. No country will loom larger in the CIA's future calculations than China.

Perhaps the most troubling thing about Lake's tenure at the NSC has been the discrepancy between his rhetoric and actions. On paper, Lake certainly has the intellectual credentials and experience to move toward some conception of the U.S. role abroad. In the past few years, he has demanded American leadership and condemned isolationism. Still, in a March 6, 1996, address at George Washington University, Lake showed that little in his worldview had changed. "President Clinton refused to engage our troops in a ground war in Bosnia because he knew that no outside power could force peace on the parties," he said. "To do so would have risked a Vietnam-like quagmire ... the combination of NATO's heavy and continuous air strikes, Bosnian and Croat gains on the ground, and our determined diplomacy convinced the Serbians to stop making war...." This was wrongheaded. No serious critics of Clinton's Bosnia policy had ever demanded that we "engage our troops in a ground war in Bosnia." From the outset, Clinton's campaign promise had been to launch air strikes. Which is exactly what he did not do for three years. When he finally did so, it turned out that an "outside power" certainly could, and did, "force peace on the parties."

In this same speech, Lake attempted to define when force should be used. He declared that there are "seven circumstances, which, taken in some combination or even alone, may call for the use of force." But, of Lake's seven categories, only one would automatically trigger military action. Which one? A direct attack against the U.S. or its allies. Yes, of course. Where is the nation that would *not* respond militarily if it were attacked?

When Robert Gates, the last Republican to head the CIA, entered the fray on Lake's behalf in *The Wall Street Journal*, he argued that Lake should be confirmed despite the deficiencies of the Clinton administration's foreign policy. Gates said Lake is a man of principle who enjoys the confidence of the president, and both these claims are true. He is a model of probity and rectitude. But Lake's record on foreign policy cannot be dismissed. During the cold war, CIA directors could come and go, but the basic mission of combating communism remained the same. No American mission so morally clear-cut and universally accepted exists now. Instead, the CIA, like the government and the nation, is groping its way toward a new definition of self-interest and morality in America's conduct abroad. At a time like this, Anthony Lake is a curious choice to head the agency responsible for monitoring and challenging America's foes. He has, after all, been reluctant to acknowledge that foes even exist. •

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THE HARD QUESTIONS

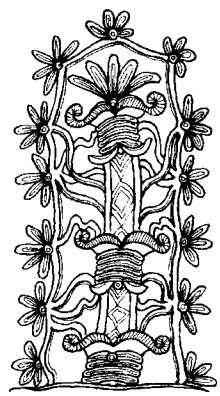
Left alone

I was in Hong Kong for two weeks last month, looking at what might be called, in current academic jargon, pre-post-coloniality. After over a century of British rule, London will finally cede control of the island to the Chinese on July 1. While I was there, the British parliament was debating whether to give citizenship to a small group of Hong Kong residents, about 8,000 men and women, who won't be recognized as Chinese citizens after the handover because they aren't ethnically Chinese. It seemed an obvious call—colonialism brings some responsibilities, after all—but Prime Minister John Major's government and the Tory Party vigorously opposed the grant. Tony Blair announced that, if Labour came to power this spring, as appears likely, he would move quickly to make the 8,000 Hong Kongers British citizens. After several Tories indicated they would desert the government on a free vote, Major capitulated: these few stateless people, among the world's many, will soon have a state to call their own.

Blair's announcement was a great relief, not only because it promised to rescue the people in Hong Kong, but also because it represented a return of the "new" Labour Party, which has looked less and less distinguishable from its Tory opponents, to "old" Labour principles. There remains a difference between left and right in Britain, and, at least from Hong Kong's perspective, it looked fairly significant.

Perhaps it would have been a better signal to the world's other stateless people if Labour and the Tories had united around this issue. But partisan division is not only important in democratic politics, it is vital. Without ideologically distinct intellectuals and politicians publicly debating issues like this one, democracy eventually deteriorates into static centrism and even authoritarianism. Of course, the division between left and right is not absolute; Christopher Patten, appointed by Major as Hong Kong's governor, was a strong defender of the 8,000 non-Chinese residents, and there are people on the left who have opposed taking in refugees, which is what the 8,000, or many of them, are likely to become. (The point of the citizenship grant is to guarantee them the right to immigrate.) Still, the differences between left and right remain fundamental.

What marks the partisan left is a commitment to equality and a strong sense of solidarity with people in trouble. What marks the partisan right is a commitment to social and economic distinction and a deep admiration for independent, self-sufficient individuals—who, as a matter of principle, don't get into trouble: How did those 8,000 men and women ever allow themselves to become stateless in the first place? Radically different understandings of the uses of state power, the limits of market freedom, the rights and responsibilities of citizens and the extent of the welfare system all follow from these two partisan positions. Much of the liveliness and intellectual interest of modern democratic politics derives from their engagement.



Politicians, of course, must negotiate across this divide, and, when they do, they are often derided as opportunists. But this is a useful opportunism so long as it is constrained by a political base—that is, by an organized constituency committed to partisan ideals. Blair and Major are still constrained in this way. Though Blair has lifted some of Labour's old leftist constraints, he is still tied to a real political party with historic commitments to equality and solidarity.

By contrast, our own "left" politicians increasingly have no such ties. The Democratic Party's disintegration has left Bill Clinton practically free-floating. I can imagine him taking Blair's position on the Hong Kong 8,000, just as I can imagine him saying, like John Major, that he surely *felt* for these people, but would wait to make a decision until they were really desperate. Either way, he would not have to answer to any organized base.

Republicans today are a little more circumscribed; they still have to answer to their base, which is why their politics often seem more principled than Clinton's. The Republican revolution of 1994 turned out to have only minority support, but this was, and still is, a well-organized minority. American democracy would be better served if there were a similar organization on the liberal left. (Before stagnating, the labor movement once played that critical role.) Political debate would be more substantive if that were the case, and, just possibly, there would be less room for the personal attacks and negative advertising that increasingly scar our political life. Indeed, personalities figure so largely in American politics because parties figure so little.

At the Chinese New Year celebrations in Hong Kong, the Beijing-appointed successor to Christopher Patten called on the people of the territory to moderate their political debates—especially about the future of civil liberties and democratic government. Disagreement, he said, was not the Chinese way; traditional values called for conciliation and cooperation. The opposition press correctly interpreted the political meaning of this message: tradition was being used in the service of authoritarianism. Defenders of the new regime countered that the governor-to-be was only trying to avoid a Chinese crackdown this summer.

President Clinton is also seeking intra-party harmony, but he doesn't have such excuses. On every possible occasion, he calls for bipartisanship and an end to political bickering. Of course, no one likes bickering. But we do need arguing. And that's not a bipartisan enterprise. Clinton is campaigning for negotiation and compromise before he has even articulated a position from which the negotiating and the compromising might plausibly begin. What is the liberal-left position on immigration or welfare reform or health care? Where are the Democrats committed to explaining and defending this position? Try to paint a portrait of the American political landscape, and the whole left side of the canvas would be a virtual blank: a few figures, a huddled group, standing, isolated, in the near distance.

Bipartisanship has been a useful strategy for defusing the Republican revolution. I suppose that is Clinton's excuse: he, too, is avoiding a crackdown, not on political dissidents but on poor, weak and vulnerable men and women. Or, if not quite avoiding the crackdown, at least reducing its impact. But avoidance and reduction make for shortsighted politics. Without an alternative vision, without a robust democratic debate, without strongly based partisanship, our politics lurches from one scandal to the next—while the country steadily drifts rightward, where all the partisan fervor is. And that is bad news for Americans in trouble.

MICHAEL WALZER

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

A Wry Requiem

Under the credits Kathleen Ferrier sings the haunting lament from Gluck's *Orfeo.* A man's voice says:

> I have to tell you that a very special little world has died and I am the designated mourner. Oh, yes, you see, it's an important custom in many groups and tribes. Someone is assigned to grieve, to wail, and light the public ritual fire. Someone is assigned when there's no one else.

Thus begins Wallace Shawn's **The Designated Mourner** (First Look).

This is a film only because it was filmed. It must have been somewhat more comfortable as a play—it was presented last year at the National in London—if only because, at least since the early works of Peter Handke, this form of presentation has become familiar. *The Designated Mourner* is a piece for three speakers, who sit at a long table facing the audience and only occasionally acknowledge one another's presence. (This film was made with the original cast on weekends during the run of the play, at a studio outside London.) So the piece depends for its life on the quality of the writing and the speaking; and it achieves this life because the writing is insidiously superb, and the speakers are always compelling.

The twin themes are harsh political tyranny and the waning of traditional culture. Shawn certainly doesn't gloss over the first theme, but he seems to have chosen it as a means of italicizing cultural decline. Unlike most other works on these persistent subjects, Shawn's approach is oblique as well as direct, witty as well as horrified. The mourner he has designated is a lightweight who likes being a lightweight, a soufflé Spengler, dryly wistful rather than bumptiously tragic. This tone gives the work something more than novelty: we don't have to brace ourselves for an onslaught of woe, we are seduced into compassion.

The place is unnamed, but a tropical country is suggested. The three people are the mourner, Jack ("You can sum me up in about ten words: a former student of English literature who went downhill from there"); Judy, his sensitive wife; and her father, Howard, an intellectual celebrated for his contempt of the world. Of course there is more to each of them than these basics: the embroideries of their selves, which they provide in the film's ninety minutes, are, like most such embroideries, highly relevant.

The three are not viewed alike. Howard, played by David de Keyser, is more or less the crotchety old egotist we might expect. His daughter, played by Miranda Richardson, is vulnerable and passionate—again as we might expect. But Jack, in tenor and concern, is not what we might expect. Though he is caught in the same climate of oppression and is well aware of cultural withering, he talks about these things, and his love affairs and other troubles, with a detachment that seems to protect him. Shawn says that when he was writing Jack he was thinking of the man who plays him here, Mike Nichols. Perfect. (Doubly apt because at times Nichols even sounds like Shawn.)

Nichols makes his film acting debut here. He is known chiefly as a performer of theater satire and as a director of clever plays and films—clever, whether or not they were comic—and his very presence here confirms the timbre of Shawn's lone survivor. Jack is the only "inauthentic" one of the three, the only one who keeps on scrutinizing himself. At one point he says:

> Then I asked myself, Well, what about that noise I always hear, that intolerable noise which comes from somewhere inside my head? And I realized consciously for the first time that, rather like a singer who accompanies his own singing on the piano or guitar, I accompanied my life with a sort of endless inner tinkling, an endless noodling or murmuring—a sort of awful inner murmuring of reportage and opinions, idiotic arpeggios of self-approbation. . . .

And this is the man—slightly bored, slightly bored with himself, yet sufficiently concerned to see the gallows humor of his place as mourner—who tells us of the arbitrary five-year imprisonment of Howard and Judy by the brutal government, of their murder after their release. In their own ways, they themselves have recounted their harassment and suffering, but it is given to Jack to describe these matters fully in his own way. Late in the film he tells us that he was reading newspaper accounts of political executions, with photographs, and he saw that one of the victims was Judy. "I was lost," he says, immediately shifting to consideration of himself.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Daytrippers. *A young suburban wife, suspicious of her husband, invades Manhattan with her entire family to search for the truth. A spritely, light-fingered debut by Greg Mottola. (Reviewed 3/10/97)* **Hamlet.** *Despite some of Kenneth Branagh's innovations, his performance, along with the work of a generally fine cast, brims with color and vitality. (1/27/97)* **Prisoner of the Mountains.** *Tolstoi's story updated to very recent Chechnya. Articulated differently from the original but with compassion and truth. (2/24/97)* **Sling Blade.** *A dreadfully misleading title. Billy Bob Thornton wrote and directed and plays the leading role in a moving, perceptive drama. A man released after twenty-five years in an Arkansas mental hospital seeks a world in which he can live. (2/10/97)*—**SK**

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> Where was I? Blinded, you know, like a caught fish jumping about on the floor of a boat. And the funny thing was that aside from sweating and sort of panting—well, more or less exactly as people say when they speak about such moments, I didn't know what to do. I mean, *literally*, what to do—stand up, remain seated, stay in, go out?

So he reached for the porno magazines on the table next to him.

The film's director was David Hare, himself a dramatist and a film writer-director (at his best with *Wetherby*). Hare directed the National production of Shawn's piece, and here he does what he can to limber it into cinema. Most of the time he keeps us closer than the theater could bring us, with two-shots and close-ups and profile shots. He alters the lighting as he goes, and sometimes he cuts to different shots of the same face while that person is speaking. Richardson puts on sweaters; Nichols gets a different table, a café table, for the conclusion. But, wisely, Hare does not obtrude effects: he does just enough to tip his hat to the film medium without pretending that, generically, this is a film.

Wallace Shawn has been having two careers. As actor, he has been in numerous films, mostly in minor parts. His most notable work was in his own play/film, *My Dinner with André*, and his valiant struggle with the title role in *Vanya on 42nd Street*. As a dramatist, however, he has impressed from the start. I wasn't much taken by his version of Machiavelli's *Mandragola*, but his own plays—such as *Marie and Bruce*, *The Hotel Play* and *Aunt Dan and Lemon* (which has thematic links with this new work)—have been wonderfully disturbing. In all of them he has worked toward an idiosyncratic view of character and of form: toward distilled, pungent language. And in all these aspects *The Designated Mourner* is engrossing.

At the end Jack is in a park café. He eats a piece of pastry; then, as a "public ritual fire" for a lost culture, he burns the bit of paper that the pastry came in. "The bit of paper wasn't very big, but it burned rather slowly because of the cake crumbs," he says, sitting at the table, burning the paper as he tells us about it. Now he thinks he hears John Donne, who has been mentioned earlier in the film

> plummeting fast through the earth.... His name, once said by so many to be "immortal," would not be remembered, it turned out. The rememberers were gone, except for me, and I was forgetting, forgetting his name, forgetting him, and forgetting all the ones who remembered him.

Then, as Gluck returns to the soundtrack, Jack sits on a park bench, trying to

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make the most of what is left, in himself and the world. Again, he addresses us:

> What were we waiting for? The appearance of the Messiah? Was all this nothing? I was quite fed up with the search for perfection. And rather amazed by all that I had—the lemonade stand with its lemonade, the café with its irritable customers and staff, the squirrels, the birds, the trees.... I sat on the bench for a very long time, lost—sunk deep—in the experience of unbelievable physical pleasure, maybe the greatest pleasure we can know on this earth—the sweet, ever-changing caress of an early evening breeze.

Thus ends this play/film—on a lyrical note of revised values, of consoling accommodation, with a civilization shrugged away.

Note. The Designated Mourner is published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux (103 pp., $19). I suggest seeing the film first; then, when you read it, the actors' voices will be in your ears. •

Paleface and Redskin

BY JOSEPH LEO KOERNER

Images from the Region of the Pueblo Indians of North America by Aby M. Warburg translated with an interpretive essay by Michael P. Steinberg

(Cornell University Press, 114 pp., $25, $13.95 paper)

I.

The text casually titled *Images from the Region of the Pueblo Indians of North America* was originally a lecture intended to prove that its author was sane. Aby Warburg, the pathbreaking analyst of Renaissance art and the reluctant scion of perhaps the world's oldest banking family, delivered his talk on April 21, 1923, before an audience of inmates, doctors and guests at the Bellevue sanatorium in Kreuzlingen, Switzerland. Warburg had been confined in that institution since 1921. Prior to that, he had languished for three years in a private clinic in his native Hamburg, after threatening his wife and children with a pistol. For late in 1918, in the weeks following Germany's defeat in the war, and just days after the abdication of Wilhelm II, Warburg, a fervent defender of the German Empire and a Jew, became convinced that he and his family would be arrested by nameless persecutors and taken to secret prisons to be tortured and murdered. He sought to avoid this fate by shooting his own before they fell into enemy hands.

Sometimes Warburg took these enemies to be Bolsheviks bent on murdering capitalists and intellectuals. Sometimes he saw them as furies avenging his lapse from Judaism. Raised in a worldly but orthodox home, Warburg had matriculated in 1886 at the University of Bonn in the gentile (and often anti-Semitic) field of the history of art. His choice of subject provoked opposition from his observant parents, not only because they expected a career in the professions or the rabbinate, but also perhaps because such a consuming attachment to pictures, Christian or pagan, ran counter to the Mosaic interdict against graven images.

Within days of arriving in Bonn, Warburg defied his family's wish that he remain kosher: "Since I do not arrange my courses of study according to the quality of ritual restaurants but according to the quality of my teachers," he wrote his father Moritz, "I do not eat ritually." And in 1892, against Moritz's passionate objections, he married a Lutheran art student, Mary Hertz, and he refused to raise his children as Jews or to circumcise his sons. Balking at any compromise, he explained that Jewish culture was in no way superior to the culture of contemporary Germany. He did not attend his father's funeral, and he refused to say kaddish for him. He referred to himself as a person in *cherem*, or under a ban, owing to his mixed marriage and his non-Jewish children.

Warburg's repudiation of his religion haunted him during his collapse. In the days after Germany's surrender, he pulled his disciple Carl Georg Heise into a corner and whispered that he had once declared to a gentile professor, "At the bottom of my soul I am a Christian." After swearing Heise to secrecy about his confession, he screamed the sentence again through the open windows. He wanted the neighbors to hear it.

Sometimes in his madness, though, Warburg believed his pursuers to be Germany's anti-Semites who, with the demise of Wilhelm II, and of the rule of tolerance that Warburg attributed to him, were now plotting to eliminate influential Jews. Even as his doctors at Kreuzlingen worked to cure Warburg of these delusions, his younger brother Max, who had assumed leadership of the private bank M. M. Warburg & Co., was targeted for assassination by right-wing terrorists; the policeman guarding him round the clock was in fact a Nazi spy. On June 24, 1922, these same conspirators succeeded in murdering Walter Rathenau, Germany's Jewish foreign minister, and a close friend and associate of the Warburgs.

The Bellevue medical records register Aby's diagnosis parenthetically, as "(Schizophrenia)," followed by the note, in pencil: "manic-depressive mixed condition." Isolated in the clinic's closed wing, he came under the care of Ludwig Binswanger, Bellevue's distinguished director. A student of Eugen Bleuler and, for a time, a colleague of C. G. Jung in Zurich, Binswanger (who would later found the "existential" school of psychology) had been the first to introduce Freudian psychoanalysis into a clinical setting, in 1906. And Freud himself took an interest in Warburg's illness. In a letter of 1921 to Binswanger, he asked about the patient's prognosis and whether he would ever work again. Binswanger replied that, in his view, no "resumption of scholarly activities will be possible."

Freud wrote that he knew the patient not only by his prominent family, but also by "his penetrating work." At the time of his madness, Warburg had not yet achieved his legendary status as the inventor of modern art history's dominant exegetical method (what today is termed "iconology"), or as the founder of the great research library, now in London, that bears his name. Yet his archival studies of fifteenth-century Florentine painting, patronage and pageantry, together with his pioneering work on the influence of pagan antiquity on the Christian cultures of early modern Europe, had already earned him a significant reputation.

At Binswanger's clinic, however, Warburg's brilliance, wealth and reputation were nothing exceptional. Beautifully situated on Lake Constance, relatively

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humane in its cures and perfectly discreet, Bellevue was the asylum of choice for Europe's emotionally troubled elite. It was a place where, in the words of the Viennese novelist Joseph Roth, "spoiled madmen from rich families received expensive and cautious treatment." In this period, Bellevue's inmates included the dancer Nijinsky, the Expressionist artist Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, the chemist and industrialist Adolf Werner, the poet Leonard Frank, and the feminist Bertha Pappenheim (also famous as "Anna O.," Freud's first patient). Warburg would thus have delivered his lecture in 1923 before an audience that was, in its own strange way, remarkably fit to receive it.

Even after the lecture had secured his release, Warburg referred to Bellevue as his "inferno"; and he called himself a revenant. During his confinement, he had been certain that his whole family was secretly jailed in the clinic awaiting slaughter, that the cries in the hallway were his wife's cries under torture, that the meat served at supper was his children's flesh, that Dr. Binswanger was the butcher whom he had failed to escape. Again, Warburg's delusions mingled fact and foresight. During his confinement, for example, Aby had indeed been joined by his son Max Adolf, whose nervous breakdown (occasioned by his father's) was treated by forced confinement and tepid baths; and during these "calming" cures, Max Adolf could hear his father's animal screams resounding through the clinic. The specter that elicited those very screams—Aby's whole, terrible fantasy of his people's arrest, transport, imprisonment, torture and extermination—looks, in hindsight, less like madness and more like prophecy.

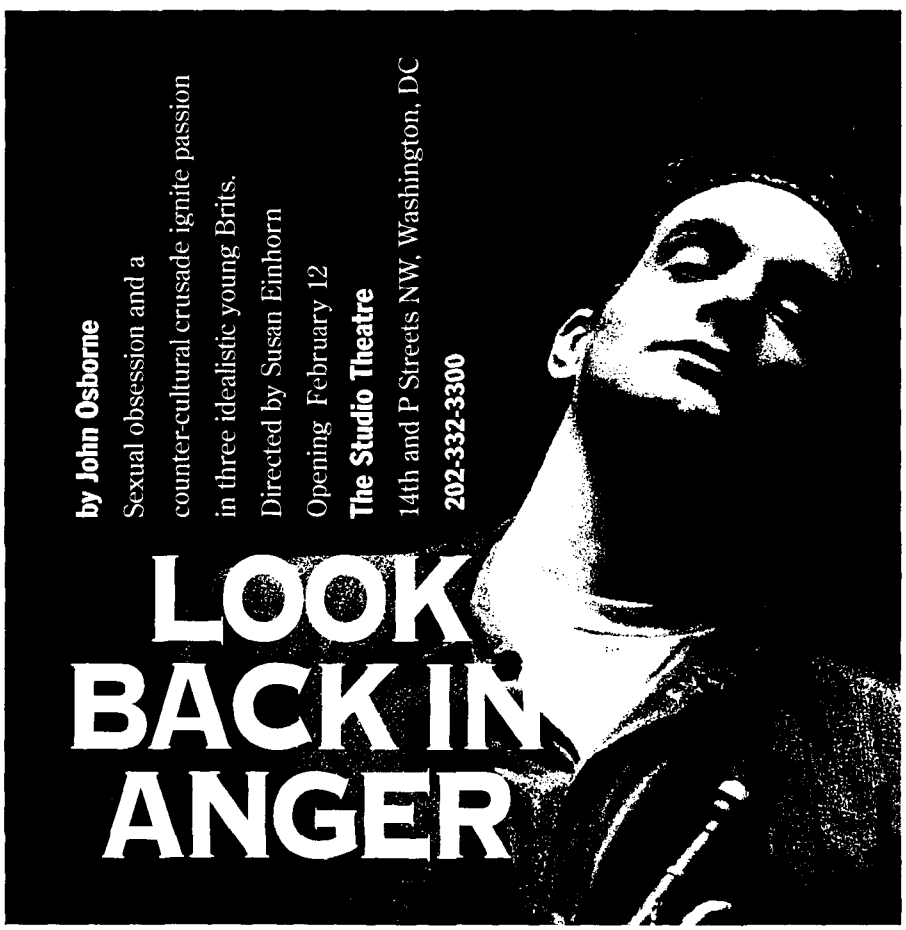
Aby's therapy consisted of bed rest, opium and analysis. Yet his was less a talking cure than a working one. It was the labor, performed in the lecture of 1923, of changing fear into thought. With the help of his assistant Fritz Saxl, Warburg had convinced his doctors to pledge his release if he could successfully compose and deliver a scholarly talk on a subject of his choosing. Rather than select an impersonal theme to foster detachment, he fixed upon a topic eerily close to his obsessions, and charged with pathos: the serpent, that primal occasion of fear, whose threat is inborn in the mind, and whose cult Warburg had himself witnessed among the Pueblo peoples during an American journey that had helped at once to found and to up-end his thought.

From a practical perspective, the choice of Warburg's theme was clever, and not merely because of the diversion that an Indian tale would offer its inmate audience. Reporting to Freud, Binswanger had despaired that, while his logic and his memory remained sound, Warburg was distracted by fears and had lost the power "to fix on scholarly themata." By choosing terror as his theme, by fixing on his own distraction, Warburg achieved the unremitting attention required for scholarship.

And yet Warburg's choice facilitated more than productive mania. In his account, the Pueblo Indians had themselves turned objects of terror into means of control, demonstrating, by sympathetic magic, how fear could be transmuted into thought. The Hopi people, in their famous rain dances, carried the poison serpent—the rattlesnake—in their mouth. And they did this because the snake, from their mythopoetic perspective, was the lightning that produced storms. Subduing the snake meant mastering rain. As efficacious symbol, the serpent thus performed the work of culture, which (in Warburg's view) consisted principally in referring amorphous fears to specific causes, magical, divine or natural. At once poison and medicine, illness and cure, the serpent showed, and itself exemplified, how fear occasioned symbols that occasioned thought, and how thought, in its turn, enabled the state of clarity, composure and detachment that the Greeks praised as *sophrosyne*, and that the doctors at Kreuzlingen might applaud as mental health.

Warburg's lecture is still fascinating, owing to the sympathy that it intimates between the author and his subject. Warburg could explain irrational "images" because he himself had lost his reason. And these irrational images, once explained, could save Warburg, since they were themselves cultural mechanisms of self-control. Warburg makes this doubling all but explicit by asking, in the very diction of his own diagnosis, whether the Pueblo Indians are really "schizoid," and what it means to be in a "mixed condition" between fantasy and reason. To the original audience in the sanatorium, the likeness between the dance and Warburg's lecture about the dance must have seemed uncanny. It must have seemed, indeed, like sympathetic magic in action.

Where the Hopi bit the serpent without themselves being bitten, Warburg spoke his terror without himself sounding afraid. Scholars and lecturers can appreciate the difficulty of this task. They know how uncontrollable the mind and the mouth become under pressure, when success depends on being both original and sane. How did Warburg pass his test, when just a few months before he had ended dinner with a visit-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ing colleague by remarking that the meat they had eaten was human?

Certainly the lecture, as we have it, makes sense, and this itself denotes sanity. If its author's disease is anywhere signaled, as in the phrase about "schizoid" states, it has been generalized and thus distanced, as an aside about civilization's discontents. Yet Warburg's argument also depends on a kind of closure usually forbidden to scholarship, because it compromises its claim to objectivity, to scientific detachment. In rendering the author's trial of sanity analogous to the Hopi rite, Warburg created a mixed condition in which fact and delusion become indistinguishable. And, far from jeopardizing Warburg's release, this mixing would have served to deflect any isolated judgment on his condition as such. Indeed, Warburg's conflation of himself and his subject elevates his text—which otherwise would seem like an historical curiosity, what one commentator called "an iridescent *objet trouvé* from the utmost fringes of modernity"—to the status of a scholarly paradigm. In this strange address, European cultural self-identity is recuperated (the medical term is entirely appropriate) by means of an assimilation to a radical other, in this instance "madness" and "savagery."

A decade after declaring his patient "furloughed to normalcy," and five years after Aby's fatal heart attack in 1929, Binswanger still pondered the affinity, in Warburg, between insanity and scholarship. In a letter to Max M. Warburg, he mused that a psychiatrist ought someday to write about Aby's sickness, for "in your brother's case very interesting passages can be indicated between his scientific views and specific delusions." Binswanger would later become a theorist of precisely such "passages" between authors and their works. Writing on Ibsen's *The Master Builder*, in which an architect falls from a tower of his own design, he argued that creation occurs in the mind's errancy from ordinary thought-paths, and that authors "realize themselves" in their works through this extravagance akin to madness. Warburg, for his part, maintained that in him the impulse of extravagant subjectivity was especially strong. In a note jotted down just weeks before his death, he wrote: "Sometimes it seems to me that, as a psycho-historian, I attempt to derive the schizophrenia of the West from its visual culture as if in an autobiographical reflex."

Warburg's Bellevue lecture, far more than his historical studies, may be read as the product of this "reflex," and it invites consideration as a self-portrait of its author. Presenting experiences recollected from his youth, and delivered to repair his personality, this text will continue to appeal more for what it says about Warburg and about the early life of art history than for its views on the Hopi and their rituals. And Warburg's autobiographical turn will have a special resonance in our own era of scholarship, in which memoirs have replaced monographs as the preferred genre of successful professors, and where the death of the author proclaimed by critics in the late 1960s has given way to the critic-as-author, even as intensely self-regarding author.

Courtesy The Warburg Institute, University of London

ABY WARBURG WITH A HOPI INDIAN, ARIZONA, 1896

Having published no memoirs, Warburg revealed his personhood in the guise of monographic scholarship. His "collected works" consist of a number of specialized articles, some no longer than a page or two, on subjects ranging from an obscure Flemish tapestry to the last will and testament of a fifteenth-century Florentine merchant. This forces readers who are intrigued by Warburg's person to engage with what he himself did best, namely, meticulous historical scholarship. And there is another reason for engaging with Warburg. He lived an exceptional life, a life that touched the trouble-spots of modernity. In *Aby Warburg: Un banchiere prestato all'arte*, her useful and compelling "biography of a passion," Francesca Cernia Slovin recently structured her turbulent subject around the uniquely charged coincidence, in Warburg, of the minutiae of a lifetime and the turning points of history. Even if Warburg's importance rests finally on his scholarship, his lived relation to the imponderables of war, ethnicity, nation, wealth and reason together seem to constitute a fable about our own identity. As Warburg himself boasted, "I'm just cut out for a beautiful story."

In his Bellevue lecture, Warburg recounts his youthful journey to the American West as the story of civilization told in reverse. Each step forward in his travels among the Pueblo peoples of Arizona and New Mexico describes one step backward from culture to nature, from art through ritual to sacrifice. The tale begins in the villages of Laguna and Acoma, where he discovers, in the decoration of pottery and architecture, the image of the serpent, symbol of lightning and harbinger of life-giving rain. Making his way westward, he visits San Ildefonso and witnesses an antelope dance; and the animal imagery first encountered in ornament now appears in performance as a totemic identification of dancer and mask. At the end of his journey Warburg arrives at Oraibi, at the far west of the region, and observes the seasonal festivities of the *humiskachina*. In these elaborate rites, performed to ensure a successful corn crop, he discerns a yet more elemental cultural form. At San Ildefonso, the dancers merged with their animal masks; but at Oraibi they sought magically to influence nature itself.

Warburg did not himself travel the full distance spanned by his lecture. Leaving Oraibi immediately after the *humiskachina* dances, he missed the more crucial serpent ritual itself, and so he relied on published photographs for his account. In this seeming heart of darkness, in which dancers manipulate live animals to influence nature, Warburg detects the crucial turning to culture: after their use in the dance, the serpents are set free, proving that blood sacrifice has been sublimated into symbolism, and that animalistic "fetishism" is already on the way "to the pure religion of redemption." At this point in his argument and his life, Warburg returns

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from Oraibi to Europe, observing how the Greek serpent cults of Dionysus, as well as the serpent cults demonized in the Old Testament, had originally been sacrificial—and that the West, like the Puebloans, marked its progress from sacrifice to symbolism through serpent imagery.

In Warburg's view, this progress toward civilization is never final. It must be constantly defended; and its defense is especially urgent in the period that we call modernity. The cultural achievement of the Pueblo peoples is threatened, in Warburg's view, by the encroaching barbarism of modern America, in which the serpent is "exterminated" and lightning is "imprisoned in wire." "Telegram and telephone destroy the cosmos. Mythical and symbolic thinking strive to form spiritual bonds between humanity and the surrounding world, shaping distance into the space required for devotion and reflection: the distance undone by the instantaneous electric connection." Thus did Warburg darkly conclude his lecture.

The text of Warburg's lecture, now in a new English translation, was never intended for publication. In a cover letter attached to the original typescript, and written five days after the talk, Warburg instructs Saxl not to show the piece to anyone without his prior approval: "This lecture is so formless, and rests on such poor philological foundations, that the only value it has (and a questionable one it is) lies in its bringing together into view some documents towards a history of symbolic behavior.... This gruesome twitching of a decapitated frog should ... absolutely not find its way to print." This disclaimer might be ignored as modesty or perfectionism, except that it appeals to standards that were perfectly valid for Warburg and which should be perfectly valid for us.

Unlike, say, Walter Benjamin, to whom he is often compared, Aby Warburg was more comfortable as a scholar than as a theorist or a writer. His best work derives its power from some newly discovered and meticulously glossed document, artifact or detail within a particular tradition or culture, rather than from some general speculation about tradition or culture. It confines itself productively to the narrow framework of the scholarly paper, even if it intimates, in hermetic turns of phrase, the abyss that lies beyond. By these standards, then, the serpent lecture does indeed lack "philological foundations." Warburg admits ignorance of the Hopi language and culture, and develops a reading before he has established a text. To put it crudely, Warburg himself might have sided with contemporary Native Americanists who will either disregard *Images from the Region of the Pueblo Indians of North America* or treat it merely as a document of their own prehistory.

In a text attached to a revised typescript, he scorns Binswanger's praise of his lecture's "findings": "The image and words ... are the confessions of an (incurable) schizoid, deposited in the archives of mental healers." Warburg would have been sensitive to the distinction between scholarship and confession. Where the former was the product of historical science, the latter was one of the objects of historical science, its raw material. In his lecture, Warburg tried to locate himself on this side of scientific detachment by observing, and by making an archive of, certain "primitive" images that seemed less detached. And if he discerned in these images the self's earliest division from primordial fears, this supported his own observer status by explaining the relation of his own delusions to instrumental reason. Why, then, consign his talk to the archives of mental healers?

In the autumn of 1922, early in the period of his recovery, Warburg found a copy of Hans Prinzhorn's just-published *Artistry of the Mentally Ill* in Binswanger's office, and he flew into a rage. He ranted that the book was placed there to torment him, that it had been written for and about him. Warburg's madness here involved the mutually reinforcing fantasies that the world was conspiring against him and that it was doing so by treating his condition as a "case." Warburg's cure turned the tables on his observers. By appearing to define his own "schizoid" condition, Warburg, in the lecture which he would call "the beginning of my Renaissance," performed a rite of passage from object to subject. What today we admire in the lecture's mingling of the observer and the observed is precisely what its author rejected.

In 1938, Fritz Saxl, together with Warburg's other trusted assistant, Gertrud Bing, organized an English translation (severely abridged by Edgar Wind) for publication in the *Journal of the Warburg Institute*. Constructed from several typescript drafts, the text was a kind of homage to the continued currency of Warburg's work, since it fit seamlessly into the scholarship of his epigones. Its publication, ten years after Warburg's death, signaled the challenge of his "literary remains." For already in 1933, introducing Warburg's collected scholarly papers, Saxl had announced a *Nachlass* in five divisions to be published in multiple tomes. The intention was to establish for Warburg—who had never written, in his words, the "big book"—a reputation based on texts rather than on legends.

But the volumes never materialized. Their designated editor, Ernst Gombrich, opted instead to write his own "big book," *Aby Warburg: An Intellectual Biography*, which appeared in 1970 and was reissued in 1986. Quoting massively from unpublished texts, but arguing that the rest was dross, Gombrich seemed to offer all the *Nachlass* that was fit to print. To this day, even as admirers declare that Warburg is (as one admirer has put it) "on a par with Freud and Einstein," his writings themselves remain largely unread, especially in the English-speaking world, where his difficult German (he called it his "eel-soup style") dissuades. The only two translations of Warburg into English are both of his serpent lecture.

The serpent lecture did not appear in German until 1988. Edited and glossed by Ulrich Raulff, the text was based on an original typescript rather than on the text as prepared for translation in 1938. Michael Steinberg has now translated this new version, calling it "the full German text." This claim is somewhat deceptive. The typescript that Warburg seems to have used for his lecture was a redaction by Saxl and Bing, who reworked handwritten drafts sent to them from Kreuzlingen. Warburg then covered the typescript with penciled additions and corrections, some predating the lecture's delivery, some apparently written much later. Raulff handled these inconsistently, incorporating some, but not all, of the early amendments, as well as several of the subsequent ones. More troublingly, not all of the original typescript text made it into the present edition. Whole paragraphs have been omitted, including citations of Goethe on anthropomorphism and a fascinating anecdote about the Puebloan Governador of Acoma drinking too much wine and refusing Warburg entrance to the Catholic church.

Moreover, in delivering his lecture, Warburg did not read directly from his typescript. Months after the event he boasted of having spoken without notes for an hour. Many of the unpublished penciled amendments were aids for such extemporizing. Indeed, Warburg understood his lecture as a performance: "If I am to show you some images ... and to accompany them with words...." The degree to which the written text had subsumed its oral presentation is evidenced in an odd lapse in the new English translation. Comparing Warburg's original

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list of forty-seven slides to photos housed at the Warburg Archives, Steinberg, with the help of the 1938 and 1988 versions, has assembled thirty-eight images (including five to illustrate his own essay), and he has numbered these as "figures" in the order in which they appear in his book. In the text of the lecture, however, he has Warburg say of some persons visible in a photo that "you see them standing, in figure 10." A slip of the translator's pen (as when he renders *Wandermaler*, or "itinerant painter," as "strolling painter"), but a slip that is symptomatic of the appropriations involved in bringing Warburg's "confession" to print.

Steinberg appends to Warburg's lecture an essay of his own, an essay longer than the lecture. In this essay, he wishes to recover the "resonances" of Warburg's lecture, that is, the meanings available to Warburg's original public, most of whom knew him and spoke his language and shared his culture. Yet Steinberg's "resonances" also include meanings not fully available even to Warburg, "mediations between the self that is known and the self that is secret." Steinberg makes no attempt to update or to evaluate Warburg's work on the Pueblo peoples. He briefly surveys the influences of nineteenth-century ethnography, but this is to locate Warburg's viewpoint, not to clarify, from the standpoint of contemporary scholarship, what Warburg saw. In Steinberg's edition of Warburg's text, the radical other is no longer the Indians encountered, as Warburg put it, in "the rock village of Oraibi, the most remote westerly point." It is Warburg himself, in his historical strangeness.

II.

Warburg was a quintessential European, an innovative scholar of Western culture's survival from antiquity through the modern age, a living instance of the triumph and the tragedy of European learning, and for these reasons he has himself become a "most remote westerly point." This process, whereby the strangeness once imputed to "savage" peoples is now located in one's own savage past, finds a perfect vehicle in the serpent lecture. A self-analysis disguised as the encounter with an Other, Warburg's lecture about Indian symbolism is no less about the observer observed.

And, from the very first page of the text, Warburg's object recedes precipitously from view. Announcing that he will show photos "from a journey undertaken some twenty-seven years past," he laments that he has not been in a condition "to revive and work through my old memories," that even those first impressions, now "blurred," originally lacked "depth," as he "had not mastered the Indian language," and anyway "a journey limited to several weeks could not impart truly profound impressions." Moreover, the indigenous culture, as he encountered it, was itself already transformed by Spaniards in the sixteenth century and by North American educators in the nineteenth century: "The material is contaminated: it has been layered over twice."

Like Lévi-Strauss's tropics, Warburg's "region of the Pueblo Indians" is less wild than sad. Already diminished by previous travelers, its natives have become too much like their observers to behave as nature does to culture. Lévi-Strauss sought the structures that were immune to contaminants, but Warburg, like today's anthropologists, attends precisely to the breaks in his material, the ruptures within the symbolic order which, better than the continuities, reveal the forces generating that code.

Thus, explaining his photo of the interior of a house in Oraibi, Warburg points out an ordinary kitchen broom displayed beside ritual kachina figurines: it is "the symbol of intruding American culture." And he takes pleasure in noting in a missionary church certain "pagan cosmological symbols" painted beside "a genuine baroque altar," and in observing how the village chief draws a Catholic pastor's hand toward his lips "with a slurping noise," as if to inhale the priest's aura. Far from dismissing these as contaminated evidence, Warburg seeks them out: "My wish to observe the Indians directly under the influence of official Catholicism was favored by circumstance."

This desire was an expression of Warburg's lifelong interest in the mechanisms of cultural influence and survival; and it also reflected his search for a shared horizon between himself and his object. More importantly, though, the impulse to study the hybrid rather than the pure derives from Warburg's notion of culture itself. In Warburg's view, culture—foreign or indigenous, modern or archaic, contaminated or hermetically sealed—will always be "schizoid," exist-

Chance Meeting

I tried to explain to a man I hardly knew how
it was I had come to love him—how,
having seen him no more than three times,
I could navigate each absence in his life, could crawl
behind his eyes peering out across
the one dock bereft of a ship.
I was not a clairvoyant, could not claim to see into
his past by clutching a piece of his hair.
Nothing so portentous ever occurred to me.
I loved him because somewhere a door had been left open by mistake,
and because he looked like me, and all I needed
was a moment of his time to understand
how he buried himself inside derelict hours
when nothing but the hands on the clock progress,
forging another circle.
Like me, I assumed he preferred his own company,
and did not mind ballroom dancing by himself
if no one had the courtesy to ask.
I loved that he denied our similarities,
which only made me think more of him.
In her book *Freud and the Ecstatic Penis*,
Dr. Cynthia Oren maintains all forms of love
are directly linked to each person's failure to clone themselves.
I tried to explain I had not recently flown off
in a glowing, wafer-thin ship, but I understood
his apprehension. *Every connection has at its core*
one moment of illogical longing—that split second meeting
in the grocery store when two people reach
for the same tomato.
How can I reconcile myself to this without losing face?
How do I make clear to him that two complete strangers
can be conjoined through distance, can discover
one another in the gaps that pull them apart?

Eve Wood

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ing as the dynamic middle term between objective threats and an endangered, mortal subjectivity.

Warburg's genius as an art historian lay in his skill in locating the crucial rupture in his object and naming its hidden source. Sometimes this came to light only through historical reconstruction, as when Warburg, working from unpublished documents, pictured the Florentine church of Santissima Annunziata as it really was in the fifteenth century: virtually unenterable, since it was filled to capacity with life-size wax dolls dressed in real garments. Recollecting this forgotten chaos of images, and expanding thereby the field of art history itself to include the ephemera of ritual, Warburg overturned the dominant conception of Renaissance art as a timeless haven of order and beauty.

Sometimes he found the crucial rupture in the masterpiece itself, in the subtle disjunctions of style, dress or time within it, as when, in Ghirlandajo's frescoes in Santa Trinità in Florence, likenesses of the painter's contemporaries intrude on an historical tableau of sacred miracle, thereby treating church space itself as a "playground of the secular;" or when, in another of Ghirlandajo's works, a beautiful woman in a windblown, diaphanous garb rushes into a static scene of Christian domestic life, like a character from a different play. Warburg called that rushing maiden Nympha, and he was obsessed with her meaning all his life.

He traced her to a pagan origin: the frenzied maenads of the ancient mystery cults, the serpent-bearing, serpent-decorated revelers of the slain god Dionysus. Mobile and erotic, Nympha breached more than the bourgeois ambience and the stylistic consistency of Ghirlandajo's composition. Her very presence denoted a clash of cultures, the pagan versus the Christian. Nympha violated the values of harmony and balance that were thought, in Warburg's day, to be constitutive of art. Against an inherited aesthetics of the closed and perfect whole, Warburg located deeper power in fractures and contradictions, and in the subtle challenge that images could pose to the viewer's own detachment. "You live," exclaims the motto to his fragmentary *Psychology of Art*, "yet you do me no harm."

Warburg found his example of the affective power of images where it was least expected: in the classical tradition. Since the eighteenth century, with Johann Winckelmann's praise of the "noble simplicity and silent grandeur" of ancient sculpture, German aesthetics and art history had constructed (and then championed or ridiculed) classical antiquity as the eternal wellspring of reason, order and beauty. Warburg's quarrel was not with German classicist ideals, which anyway had long ago lost their currency in artistic practices and tastes. He questioned classicism's historical view of the classics themselves. His precursor in this regard was Nietzsche, who had imagined an antiquity torn between the ideals of "Dionysian" ecstasy and "Apollonian" restraint. Warburg traced this conflicted antiquity forward to the Renaissance, studying the Christian renewal of the classical heritage as also a rebirth of the pagan gods. Neither singular nor pure, antiquity survived as contaminated material.

After Bellevue, Warburg felt a special kinship with Nietzsche. The author of *The Birth of Tragedy*, who in his madness signed himself "the crucified Dionysus," exemplified the seer who so resonated with his object that he became the frenzy he observed. By contrast, the Swiss historian Jacob Burckhardt embodied for Warburg the balance between empathy and detachment that was appropriate to a scholar. In 1927, Warburg noted that, like Nietzsche, Burckhardt "received the waves from the regions of the past, he felt the dangerous tremors, yet he saw to it that the foundation of his seismograph were made strong." Warburg felt indebted to Burckhardt for his vast perspective on the Renaissance and for the variety of cultural evidence within that purview.

But he darkened Burckhardt's Renaissance. He magnified its undercurrents of fear and unreason; and he did this by expounding vastly on the smallest evidentiary instance—a detail in an artifact, a phrase in a document. These cultural microcosms so occupied Warburg that he became (as he observed of Nietzsche) "the victim of his own ideas." Thus Ghirlandajo's ecstatic Nympha is both an object of and a symbol for Warburg's scholarship. Exploding the staid milieu of the Florentine commercial class, she violates with her pagan pedigree the Christian drama taking place there; and Warburg, in his madness and his dissidence, shatters the decorum of his high bourgeois family, while also tainting, through his labor, the supposed purity of Christian art.

In his historical scholarship, Warburg encountered his material as an outsider, as a secular Jew exposing the ruptures in Christian religious art. In his serpent lecture, curiously, he took the insider's perspective. In the "contaminated" and "schizoid" state of the Pueblo Indians, Warburg recognized the mixedness of his psychic and ethnic identity. His motto, coined in Italian, described the latter: "Born in Hamburg, Hebrew by blood, in soul a Florentine." Reviewing Warburg's tortured relation with Judaism, Steinberg notes a "parallel" in the serpent lecture "between the Hopi and the Jews as primitives." It is true that Warburg's Jewishness cannot be disentangled from the objects and the methods of his scholarship. Since 1933, when the Warburg Institute (including a staff of six, 80,000 books and voluminous archives and equipment) was quietly shipped from Hamburg to London to escape the Nazis, Warburg's legacy has become a symbol of the fate of German-Jewish scholarship. Still, Steinberg's gloss is much too simple. The German Jews whom Warburg rejected were in no sense "primitives." I think Warburg would have understood the pairing of Jews and Hopi less as kinship than as contrast: as exiled versus native; as passive versus active; as book-learned versus naturally wise. Warburg's trip to the Pueblos, like his immersion in Christian art, was partly an escape from Judaism, which explains why his lecture ends with the "pure religion of redemption," Christianity.

What did Warburg think he was doing in Oraibi? His travel documents introduce him as a "German scientist" and a "man of means." And in a note penned at Bellevue he remembers wanting to "escape to the natural object and to science." Arriving in New York in 1895 to attend the wedding of his brother Paul, he sickened of the "emptiness of civilization" and, inspired by ethnographers at the Smithsonian, decided to visit the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest. Other notes from Bellevue make his motives seem less detached: redress for his army failure; a need to be "manly" after abandoning his wife and children to a cholera epidemic; a "will to the Romantic." And his goal evoked mixed memories: when he was 7, his mother fell gravely ill and, oppressed by the Hebrew prayers at her sickbed, and by "an inferior Jewish-Austrian student, who was supposed to be a tutor," he snuck off to eat pork sausages and "consume" tales about American Indians, delectable for their "romantic cruelty."

Nor did his escape to the object lead directly to "science." Returning to Germany in 1896, Warburg spoke about his trip at local photographic societies (notes for these talks have been preserved), but his scholarship returned to the Renaissance, where it remained until his madness. Even his Bellevue lecture eddies back to Europe. As Sigrid Weigel has recently argued, Warburg sees in Oraibi what he knows of antiquity and

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then applies to antiquity what he knows of Oraibi. The lecture's motto, an alteration of a line from Goethe's *Faust*, draws this circle: "It's an old book to browse in / Athens-Oraibi, all cousins."

In his Bellevue inferno, Warburg learns that Athens and Oraibi are indeed alike—but alike in reason, not in unreason. Instead of dismissing the serpent rites as superstitious, and thus as alien and inferior to rationality, Warburg discovers that they, too, comprise a logic directed to practical ends: the mastery of fear, the health of crops, the expression of piety. Warburg's journey outward thus becomes a homecoming, not just to Athens but also to sanity, to labor, to society.

Not that Warburg returned from the West unchanged. As Saxl observed, in America "Warburg learned to see European history through the eyes of an anthropologist." Anthropology treated art as but one expression within the larger culture, and it recorded and analyzed that culture as a total, integrated system of expressions, practices and beliefs. Where previous historians of Renaissance art had sought to identify individual masters and their works, and to differentiate among styles, Warburg attempted to understand art within the whole of culture, studying its patronage and public, as well as its multiple purposes in ritual and pageantry, and in new practices of self-display. Originally acquired in the encounter with "primitive" peoples (Warburg himself sometimes put the term in quotation marks), anthropology's detached perspective could be applied at home, by treating the familiar dispassionately, as something foreign, or else by exploring familiarity's historical past. Against an image of the Renaissance as an era uncannily like our own, as an immediately available repository of timeless values, Warburg sets his portrait of an exotic epoch, when the masterpieces we admire were hidden behind a clutter of ritual ephemera, when modern rationality emerged hand in hand with the renascence of pagan magic, alchemy and astrology.

In his best essays, Warburg, intoxicated by the estrangement that he has achieved, enters the work of art and describes it ecstatically from within, in a prose that makes all other art-historical scholarship seem lifeless. His serpent lecture never achieves this abandon. Whereas his historical work seeks to estrange the familiar by disclosing the cracks in reason's façade, in his lecture he seeks the familiar in the strange, discerning behind apparent superstition a nascent rationality. In Oraibi, Warburg believes he has observed firsthand what, as an historian, he had gleaned indirectly at the periphery of Europe's past.

He states the problem at the outset. "To what extent does this pagan world view, as it persists among the Indians, give us a yardstick for the development from primitive paganism, through the paganism of classical antiquity, to modern man?" The idea of using ethnographic material to illuminate a distant past is not original to Warburg. Hermann Usener, Warburg's teacher in Bonn, as well as the so-called Cambridge Ritualists (most famously J.G. Frazer), had reconstructed ancient religion on the basis of living "pagan" practices. But Warburg applied ethnographic material to a more recent past, thus presaging the anthropology of modernity; and, virtually alone among historians, he gathered ethnographic evidence not in the library but in the field.

Yet the idea of understanding one's early history through the savagery observed in one's neighbors is as old as the word "barbarism" itself. Raulff points out that even the classical Athenians looked to people whom they called *barbaros* ("foreign") for a picture of their past selves. And, from the moment of their encounter with Europeans, the indigenous peoples of the New World were continually being compared to the people of the ancient world. As the great German geographer Alexander von Humboldt wrote in 1860, Europe regarded "the American tribes, in their primitive simplicity, as 'a sort of antiquity,' which we encounter virtually as contemporaries." This living past contested the uniqueness and the prestige of the classical heritage by introducing a third term into the old "quarrel" between the ancients and the moderns. The Renaissance of pagan antiquity (Warburg's subject) occurs simultaneously with the discovery of America. At the dawn of the modern age, Europe modeled itself on a past world only to learn in the new hemisphere that worlds are multiple and contingent.

Was Warburg a pluralist, or was he championing a unitary ideal of reason? Ernst Gombrich and George Mosse have portrayed Warburg as attempting (in Mosse's words) to "maintain rationality in an increasingly complex and irrational world." Steinberg, like Giorgio Agamben before him, disputes this view, discerning in Warburg a "painful ambivalence between, and simultaneity of, the primitive and the rational." To prove his point he cites a cryptic sentence from Warburg's essay of 1919 on Luther, which he translates thus: "Athens always wants precisely to be reconquered anew

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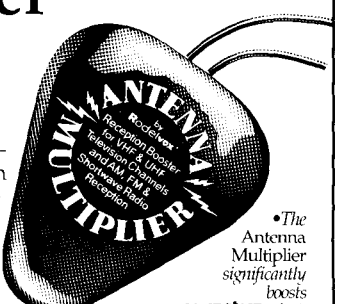
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from Alexandria." In its original context, the statement refers to the overtaking of cultures of reason (Athens) by cultures of superstition (Alexandria). Steinberg chides Gombrich for translating "will" as "must," and attributes this error to Gombrich's "passion for reason," which makes a universal imperative out of what, in Warburg, is simply "what Athens wants." Again, this is too simple. Warburg's "will" means both what Athens itself desires and what, in the order of things, ought to be.

In truth, the serpent lecture sustains both Gombrich's and Steinberg's interpretations. It offers a progressive account of culture by locating the Hopi between nature and culture. At one end of this spectrum stand the "nomadic Indians" and their "bloody and sadistic practices" (Steinberg never mentions these); at the other end, troublingly, stands Christianity, which pictures the brazen serpent of Moses as a shadow of Christ's promise. If Warburg's lecture can support both Gombrich's rationalism and Steinberg's multiculturalism, this is because it is less the diagnosis of modernity than a symptom of it. The lecture is itself an "old book to browse in," and it situates us in our present intellectual bewilderment.

Warburg understood himself above all as a medium. "The function I've been given," he wrote just before his death,

> has been to serve as soul-seismograph to the meteorological divides of culture. Placed from my very birth in the middle between Orient and Occident, driven by elective affinity to Italy, where in the fifteenth century, at the weather divide of pagan antiquity and Christian Renaissance, an entirely new cultural persona had to emerge, I was driven to travel to America in the service of extrapersonal causes, in order there to experience life in its polar tension between a pagan, instinctual nature cult and organized intelligence.

During the Great War, in the period leading to his madness, Warburg began to gather and to collate all news that came his way in an effort to establish, through the weapons of scholarship, who in the conflict was and was not at fault. Enlisting his wife and children in this manic archival labor, he assembled some 25,000 excerpts from wartime news, stuffing all available space with clippings and notes. With the approach of Germany's defeat, he came to believe that he was himself the war's hidden cause, who in his scholarship had reawakened the pagan demons. Heise, visiting the cluttered library, reports that it looked like a "battlefield," with poor Warburg as the commander.

The library, of course, became Warburg's most enduring legacy. According to family legend, it was founded upon a boyhood pact with his younger brother Max that he, Aby, the eldest son, would renounce his position in the bank if Max would buy him books for the rest of his life. The collection expanded from the private library of a bibliophile-scholar into a public institution of international fame. When the philosopher Ernst Cassirer first visited the library in the 1920s, he called it a "labyrinth," and vowed either to flee it or remain its "prisoner" for years. Organized according to Warburg's scholarly interests, and therefore replicating, in old books, the pathways of his thought, the library still places its readers (whom Warburg called its "patients") in the midst of Warburg's work, in a maze between the self and the other. And Warburg arranged his library in the structure of a Hopi altar, the space of the serpent's cult. Thus does scholarship shape itself in the image of its object. In its delusions and its sympathies, Warburg's unfinished business remains our own.

JOSEPH LEO KOERNER is Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard University. His most recent book is *The Moment of Self-Portraiture in German Renaissance Art* (University of Chicago Press).

The Critter Poet

BY CHRISTOPHER BENFEY

Mountains and Rivers Without End
by Gary Snyder

(Counterpoint, 165 pp., $20)

A Place in Space: Ethics, Aesthetics, and Watersheds New and Selected Prose by Gary Snyder

(Counterpoint, 263 pp., $25, $15 paper)

Gary Snyder was a character in a novel before he published his own first book. In Jack Kerouac's *The Dharma Bums*, that vivid account of the birth of the San Francisco Poetry Renaissance and the Beat movement, there is a biographical sketch of Japhy Ryder, "the number one Dharma Bum of them all":

> Japhy Ryder was a kid from eastern Oregon brought up in a log cabin deep in the woods with his father and mother and sister, from the beginning a woods boy, an axman, farmer, interested in animals and Indian lore so that when he finally got to college by hook or crook he was already well equipped for his early studies in anthropology and later in Indian myth and in the actual texts of Indian mythology. Finally he learned Chinese and Japanese and became an Oriental scholar and discovered the greatest Dharma Bums of them all, the Zen Lunatics of China and Japan. At the same time, being a Northwest boy with idealistic tendencies, he got interested in oldfashioned I.W.W. anarchism and learned to play the guitar and sing old worker songs to go with his Indian songs and general folksong interests.

This is the beginning of the Snyder myth. For all I know, and for all that I can glean from Snyder's autobiographical writings, it is entirely true.

What makes *The Dharma Bums* a pleasure to read, forty years after its publication, is the way Kerouac, in the guise of his ordinary-Joe narrator, undercuts Japhy Ryder's humorless, self-satisfied ethos. Ray, the writer's stand-in, walks into Japhy's shack, and there is Japhy "sitting cross-legged on a Paisley pillow on a straw mat, with his spectacles on, making him look old and scholarly and wise, with book on lap and the little tin teapot and porcelain cup steaming at his side. He looked up very peacefully, saw who it was, said, 'Ray come in,' and bent his eyes again to the script." "What you doing?" "Translating Han Shan's great poem called 'Cold Mountain' written a thousand years ago some of it scribbled on the sides of cliffs hundreds of miles away from any other living beings." "Wow." Japhy proceeds to teach Ray all about Asian poetry and culture, including the proper way to have sex. When Ray walks in on Japhy, in the lotus position, making meditative

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love ("*yabyum*") to a woman called Princess, Japhy explains that "This is what they do in the temples of Tibet. It's a holy ceremony, it's done just like this in front of chanting priests. People pray and recite Om Mani Pahdme Hum, which means Amen the Thunderbolt in the Dark Void. I'm the thunderbolt and Princess is the dark void, you see."

A part of Gary Snyder's considerable prestige in the small world of American poetry is owed to the impression that he has put in the time and done the work: graduate study in anthropology at Berkeley; summers on lookout duty in national forests and parks ("The prolonged stay in mountain huts ... gave me my first opportunity to seriously sit cross-legged"); ten years in Japan, mainly in the 1960s, doing Zen and studying Japanese aesthetics; his current rough-hewn life with his family on a hundred acres in the Sierra foothills, with a teaching appointment in English and ecology at the University of California at Davis. All this experience has gone into Snyder's poetry, the best of which manages to suppress his didactic side.

Snyder at his most moving is an elegiac poet, mourning the loss of forests, "critters" (as he calls animals), lovers, places. Snyder at his most annoying is the pedantic guy on the Paisley pillow who says, "I'm the thunderbolt and Princess is the dark void, you see." To those of us in whose early intellectual lives Snyder was a significant chapter, a return to his work after long absence can have its own embarrassments. When I was 17, spending a year in Japan, Snyder's *The Back Country* (1968) was one of the books that I carried everywhere with me. My favorite poem in it, which I still know by heart, was "December at Yase," the last of the "Four Poems for Robin." It begins:

You said, that October,
In the tall dry grass by the orchard
When you chose to be free,
"Again someday, maybe ten years."

After college I saw you
One time. You were strange.
And I was obsessed with a plan.

Ten years and more go by, in which the poet considers trying to win the woman's love back. "I didn't. / I thought I must make it alone. I / Have done that." The poem concludes:

Only in dream, like this dawn,
Does the grave, awed intensity
Of our young love
Return to my mind, to my flesh.

We had what the others
All crave and seek for;
We left it behind at nineteen.

I feel ancient, as though I had
Lived many lives.
And may never now know
If I am a fool
Or have done what my
karma demands.

I can't say whether this poem is any good. It's too close to me, and it too perfectly captures some of my own feelings from those days. I can see now how the poem uses little clumps of Imagist detail, drawn from Pound's translations from the Chinese: "in the tall dry grass by the orchard," and how the enjambment is rather arch: "After college I saw you/ One time." But, even when I was young, I knew that those last two lines about karma were a disaster. (They're crossed out in my battered copy of the book.) What they show is that Snyder, as he looks back on his early obsession "with a plan," still subscribes to one, a higher one, which he now calls "karma." All the uncertainty and the wistfulness and the delicacy of the rest of the poem is caught in the harsh headlights of "what my karma demands."

Something similar happens toward the end of what may be Snyder's best and most enduring poem, "I Went into the Maverick Bar" (from *Turtle Island*, 1974):

I went into the Maverick Bar
In Farmington, New Mexico.

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And drank double shots of bourbon
backed with beer.
My long hair was tucked up under a cap
I'd left the earring in the car.
Two cowboys did horseplay
by the pool tables,
A waitress asked us
where are you from?
a country-and-western band began to play
"We don't smoke Marijuana in Muskokie"
And with the next song,
a couple began to dance.
They held each other like in High School
dances in the fifties;
I recalled when I worked in the woods
and the bars of Madras,
Oregon.
That short-haired joy and
roughness—America—
your stupidity.
I could almost love you
again.
We left—onto the freeway
shoulders—under the
tough old stars—
In the shadow of bluffs
I came back to myself,
To the real work, to
"What is to be done."

Snyder's pleasure in being able to "pass" for a macho man is nicely rendered here, and the temptations of that life are palpable in the poem. But the rejection of "that short-haired joy and roughness" is too pat in those final two lines. One wishes this guy weren't quite so certain about the nature of the "real work," a favorite phrase of Snyder's. The revolutionary readiness of Lenin's old phrase, "what is to be done," sends a chainsaw through all that romance in the bar. Snyder knows that the dancing couples are part of the problem, and that he has the solutions. He's like the wistful revolutionary who muses, "What a beautiful church. I was baptized here. Too bad I have to blow it up."

Prescriptions for "the real work" and lists of "what is to be done" dominate Snyder's prose, much of which is collected in *A Place in Space*. On reducing world population, for example:

> Try to correct traditional cultural attitudes that tend to force women into childbearing; remove income-tax deductions for more than two children above a specified income level, and scale it so that lower income families are forced to be careful, too.... Explore other social structures and marriage forms, such as group marriage and polyandrous marriage, which provide family life but many less children.

The decisive verbs here are "correct" and "force." Correct those wrongheaded cultural attitudes and force those poor families to be careful.

In recent years, Snyder has become a popular speaker on the Green circuit. He is the unofficial poet laureate of the environmentalist movement. A few years ago, he exhorted the graduating class of Reed College, his alma mater: "Let's go on into the twenty-first century lean, mean, and green." (No quibble with lean and green, but why mean?) In his recent prose, Snyder is particularly attentive to the link between "endangered cultures and species." He insists that "the destruction of cultural diversity goes hand in hand with ecological destruction." So he's a strong proponent of ethnopoetics, "the study of the poetries and poetics of nonliterary peoples," which he compares to "some field of zoology that is studying disappearing species."

GARY SNYDER BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

But, while Snyder loves nonliterary poetry, he seems to have little fondness for the literary kind, especially if it comes from the West. As he sees it, Western poetry is dominated by "the Judeo-Christian-Cartesian view of nature (by which complex views all developed nations excuse themselves for their drastically destructive treatment of the landscape)." That's quite a three-headed monster, the Cerberus of Western culture, but I don't see what critters have to fear from it. Why should Jews or Christians or Descartes be held as prime suspects in crimes of ecological disaster? I'm sure Snyder has in mind some vague notion of a sinister "dualism," as against the "holistic" conceptions of nature and humanity presumably found everywhere else on the globe. He evidently assumes that such arguments and objections no longer need to be spelled out.

Snyder's prose is laced with American Indian sayings and Zen proverbs and Chinese epigrams, but he almost never quotes a "Western" poet. In a talk on "Unnatural Writing," he does pause to take a swipe at two lines by Howard Nemerov: "Civilization, mirrored in language, is the garden where relations grow," wrote Nemerov, "outside the garden is the wild abyss." While Nemerov may be, as Snyder patronizingly calls him, "a good poet and a decent man," he is, judging from these lines, an enemy of nature, and in need of correction:

> The unexamined assumptions here are fascinating. They are, at worst, crystallizations of the erroneous views that enable the developed world to displace Third and Fourth World peoples and overexploit nature globally. Nemerov here proposes that language is somehow implicitly civilized or civilizing, that civilization is orderly, that intrahuman relations are the pinnacle of experience (as though all of us, and all life on the planet, were not interrelated), and that "wild" means "abyssal," disorderly, and chaotic.

Poor Nemerov, displacer of Third and Fourth World peoples, all because he suggested that language is better equipped for gardens than for wilderness. But even Whitman, whom one might have expected to garner some praise from Snyder, is chastised for his

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errors of thought, in a talk that Snyder delivered in Spain on the hundredth anniversary of Whitman's death:

> Whitman is unexcelled in his attribution of a kind of divinity to ordinary (white) men and women. However, the respect and authenticity he gives to human beings is not extended to nonhuman creatures.

But is this true? Here's the fourteenth section of "Song of Myself" (1891-92):

> The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,
> *Ya-honk* he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation,
> The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listening close,
> Find its purpose and place up there toward the wintry sky.

This is the Whitman who said, "I think I could turn and live with animals.... They do not sweat and whine about their condition, They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins"; the Whitman who said, when his tread scared the wood-drake and the wood-duck, "I believe in those wing'd purposes"; who said, "And the look of the bay mare shames silliness out of me."

But Snyder has not been reading *Leaves of Grass*. His dismissal of Whitman, it turns out, is based on a cursory reading of *Democratic Vistas*, in which, according to Snyder, "we miss the presence of people of color, of Native Americans, of wilderness, or even the plain landscape." Well, then, one feels like shouting at Snyder, why don't you read Whitman's damn poetry, in which you will find all these things, and in richer and more convincing profusion than in any other American poet of his time or after?

Snyder's prose is too often chastising, moralizing, didactic. His best essay by far is called "Crawling," a three-page description of what it feels like to navigate on one's stomach through the Sierra underbrush:

> No way to travel off the trail but to dive in: down on your hands and knees on the crunchy manzanita leaf cover and crawl around between the trunks. Leather work gloves, a tight-fitting hat, long-sleeved denim work jacket, and old Filson tin pants make a proper crawler's outfit. Along the ridge a ways, and then down a steep slope through the brush, belly-sliding on snow and leaves like an otter—you get limber at it.... To go where bears, deer, raccoons, foxes—all our other neighbors—go, you have to be willing to crawl.

This is fresh and exhilarating. It reads like a poet's prose. "You can *smell* the fall mushrooms when crawling." There are perhaps a dozen pages like this in *A Place in Space*.

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Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank")
Can Israel survive without it?

With the "peace agreement" between Israel and the PLO, the Middle East and Israel have entered a new phase. It will inevitably lead to the creation of a Palestinian state. Can Israel survive this dismemberment? Is it in the best interest of the United States?

What are the facts?

The Root of the conflict. The conflict between Israel and the Arabs is not about borders and not about the Palestinians. It is about Israel's very existence. The PLO still adheres to its infamous "phased plan." It calls for first creating a Palestinian state on any territory vacated by Israel and then using that state to foment a final allied Arab assault against the truncated Jewish state.

The Importance of territory. Many believe that in this age of missiles, territory is of little importance. But this is not the case. The Arab states have acquired over $50 billion of the most advanced armaments since the end of the Gulf War. And those are not just "conventional" weapons—enormous quantities of tanks, aircraft and much more. The Arab state possess large arsenals of chemical and biological weapons, and all of them work feverishly on the development of their nuclear potential. All of those weapons have only one single target and one single purpose: the destruction of the state of Israel. And that goal is not being cancelled for any agreements between Israel and the Palestinians.

For both "conventional" war and for war of mass destruction, territory and topography are critical for self-defense and deterrence. The mountainous territory of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") is an indispensable line of defense. It totally controls access to Israel's heartland from the east. Israel needs this high ground for defense and to be able to peer deeply into enemy territory. The high ground allows Israel to detect missiles while they are still in the launch stage and to destroy them.

Would the "West Bank" be demilitarized? Even those who want Israel to retreat to her pre-1967 borders are agreed that the evacuated areas must be demilitarized. But that would be useless. Because the Palestinians will have thousands of trained soldiers, camouflaged as their police force. In case of war against Israel, these troops could be helicoptered in minutes to their positions, with armored forces reaching them within the same night. In any case, it is highly doubtful that the surrounding hostile Arab nations would allow such a military vacuum to exist. And finally, there is the matter of terrorism. There are over fifteen Palestinian terror organizations that neither Yassir Arafat nor any other Palestinian authority can control. There would be a constant rain of Katyusha rockets launched into the Tel Aviv area and into the entire coastal plain, which contains 80% of Israel's population and of its industrial and military potential. Ben Gurion airport, every incoming and outgoing flight, would be subject to mortar fire or shoulder-held Stinger attack. Does anybody doubt that the Arabs would not exploit that irresistible opportunity?

> "Without Judea/Samaria (the 'West Bank') Israel would be totally indefensible; therefore, neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States are served by Israel's relinquishing control of the 'West Bank'."

Without the "West Bank" Israel would be totally indefensible. That is the professional opinion of over 100 U.S. generals and admirals. Israel's strong defensive posture makes it most inadvisable for Israel's enemies to attack her. But once this defensive strength is removed, a coordinated war against Israel can only be a matter of time. The example and fate of Czechoslovakia, which preparatory to the Second World War was dismantled and shorn of its defensive capacity, insistently come to mind. What does all this mean to the United States? In a part of the world in which our country has the most far-reaching geopolitical stakes, Israel is the guarantor of American interests in the area. With Israel in a position of weakness, the role of the United States in the area would collapse and radical states such as Syria, Iraq and Iran would dominate. That is why, despite the heady prospect of "peace in our time," neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States would be served by Israel's relinquishing control over the "West Bank."

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Already in that Berkeley shack, on April 8, 1956, Snyder had begun *Mountains and Rivers Without End*, a title that—as sections were published across forty years—came to seem predictive. Now Snyder has declared the poem finished, and published it in a handsome volume, with the twelfth-century Chinese scroll painting that inspired it reproduced on the endpapers. He has appended a helpful essay on the making of the poem, as well as explanatory notes and a publication record of where the many parts of the long poem first appeared.

Do the many sections of *Mountains and Rivers* comprise a single long poem? If so, it's a pretty loose and baggy one. The guiding metaphor of the structure of the poem is the gradual unfolding of the painted scroll, with the reading and viewing eye following the progress of a journey through a landscape of mountains and rivers. The book opens with a masterly description—in the tradition of ekphrasis, or writing inspired by a painting—of the painting in the Cleveland Museum of Art that serves as Snyder's muse.

> Rider and walker cross a bridge
> above a frothy braided torrent
> that descends from a flurry of roofs
> like flowers
> temples tucked between cliffs,
> a side trail goes there....

Snyder doesn't ignore the seals and the writings at the end of the scroll, added by owners and connoisseurs. One of these jottings says: " ... Most people can get along with the noise of dogs and chickens; / Everybody cheerful in these peaceful times. / But I—why are my tastes so odd? I love the company of streams and boulders." It's clear that Snyder conceives of his poem as another such tribute, added to the scroll by a poet-connoisseur many centuries later.

Mountains and Rivers is best read as a sort of autobiographical journey in verse and verbal collage. Some of the earliest written sections have a distinctly period feel, with Bob Dylan rhymes—"Fat man in a Chevrolet / wants to go back to L. A."—and hitchhiking lyricism—"Caught a ride the only car come by / at seven in the morning / chewing froze salami / riding with a passed-out L.A. whore / glove compartment full of booze, / the driver a rider, / nobody cowboy, / sometime hood, / Like me picked up to drive/ & drive the blues away. / We drank to Portland / and we treated that girl good." The more recently written sections arise from Snyder's current preoccupations with species loss and "cultural genocide." To my ear, the most rewarding passages are those in which Snyder imagines a world of wild nature beneath the structures of civilization, as in "Walking the New York Bedrock/ Alive in the Sea of Information":

> Squalls
> From the steps leading down to the subway.
> Blue-chested runner, a female,
> on car streets.
> Red lights block traffic but she like the
> Beam of a streetlight in the whine of
> the Skilsaw,
> She runs right through.
> A cross street leads toward a river
> North goes to the woods
> South takes you fishing
> Peregrines nest at the thirty-fifth floor ...

Snyder's populist take on the "cliff-dwellers" in their high-rises reads like something out of an updated Dreiser: "Towers, up there the / Clean crisp white dress white skin / women and men /Who occupy sunnier niches, / Higher up on the layered stratigraphy cliffs, get / More photosynthesis, flow by more ostracods, /get more sushi, / Gather more flesh, have delightful / Cascading laughs...." But when Snyder attempts to merge entirely with the world of "nature," his poetry can descend into bathos, as in his sub-Whitmanian love song to a river, "The Flowing" (1974): "The root of me / hardens and lifts to you, / thick flowing river, / my skin shivers. I quit / making this poem." Better the pithy, no-ideas-but-in-things observations of "Old Woodrat's Stinky House": "A venerable desert woodrat nest of twigs and shreds / plastered down with ambered urine / a family house in use eight thousand years."

Snyder discerns a tension between the mountains and rivers of his title, between "the tough spirit of willed self-discipline and the generous and loving spirit of concern for all beings." There is a similar split in Snyder as well. His less savory side is the disciplined commissar of "what is to be done," with his endless lists of "corrections," and his self-satisfied certainty that he is living the good life while most of us are going to the dogs. But the Snyder I treasure is the wry and grizzled wilderness dweller, generously at ease in both the garden and the wild, who can cheerfully admit: "My wife Carole and I are now using computers, the writer's equivalent of a nice little chainsaw," and then add, "Chainsaws and computers increase both macho productivity and nerdy stress." That sounds to me like the Snyder who goes into the Maverick Bar and feels at home there, and can almost love America's stupidity.

CHRISTOPHER BENFEY teaches at Mount Holyoke College. His new book, *Degas in New Orleans*, will be published by Knopf next year.

Fate Accompli

BY WALTER LAQUEUR

Ben-Gurion and the Holocaust by Shabtai Teveth

(Harcourt Brace, 310 pp., $30)

Shabtai Teveth, a journalist turned historian, has for years been writing a multi-volume life of David Ben-Gurion, and it promises to be one of the great biographies of our time. Along the way, Teveth's research has spawned monograph-length by-products on *Ben-Gurion and the Arabs* and *Ben-Gurion's Spies*, the latter on the mysterious murder in 1933 of Haim Arlosoroff, a young Zionist leader. Taken together, these shorter works are the nearest thing available to a history of Palestine, Zionism and Israel after the First World War. Teveth has now cast his eye in the grim direction of the Holocaust. He has produced a polemic against Ben-Gurion's detractors, against the critics and the historians who claim that the Zionist leadership let European Jewry down, in what it did and what it failed to do. This is an unfashionable kind of book, inasmuch as it presents a vigorous, and in my view persuasive, defense of the Zionist leaders who have been accused by a variety of writers, left and right, Jewish and non-Jewish, of not having done remotely enough to save the Jews of occupied Europe. Such attacks have been frequent during the last decade, and they have been launched with great bitterness.

Why should the biographer allow himself to be sidetracked in this way? Teveth will certainly not change the minds of

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those who, for whatever reason, dislike Zionism. He believes that accusations and innuendos must be refuted or they will persist for many years, even become received wisdom; but this belief in the power of scholarship to cripple or to destroy falsehoods is a little idealistic. Consider the example of the lawyer-researcher Jacob Robinson. After the appearance of Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem* in 1963, Robinson, learned but more than somewhat pedestrian, published a book in which he showed, with hundreds of examples, that Arendt was not familiar, to put it mildly, with the subject on which she pontificated. Arendt's friends sprang to her defense against this latter-day Beckmesser. And Jacob Robinson's book is forgotten, while Hannah Arendt's book still lives.

Teveth is a more formidable polemicist than Robinson, and he is certainly more readable. But the revisionism against which he is tilting has deep roots, political, ideological and psychological; and so one must not exaggerate the power of reason in a debate of this kind. Historical revisionism, of the sort that has flourished in the United States and Europe for a long time, came late to Israel. Perhaps the delay was owed to the extreme solidarity that was required of a society under siege. With the slow lifting of the siege, and the gradual conclusion of peace treaties with Israel's neighbors, Israeli historiography was freed for its exercises in demystification.

Historical revisionism in Israel focused initially on the war of 1947-48, and attempted to show that the accepted notions about that struggle were wrong, that the Jews in Palestine were militarily stronger than the Arabs, and that the Jews, in the fighting of their war of independence, had wielded toward the Palestinian Arabs a systematic policy that we would now call ethnic cleansing. Atrocities, needless to say, were committed. Some of those atrocities were not reported at the time but became known only in recent years—for instance, in a recently published biography of Yitzhak Sadeh, the general who played a crucial role in the war of 1948. But there is no evidence that these terrible deeds were part of a master plan or a systematic policy.

Then revisionism spread to the history of the Holocaust and the immediate postwar period. While Israeli politics has moved to the right, some younger scholars have moved to the left, perhaps in opposition to the political situation: revisionism versus Revisionism. Yet such an impression is not wholly accurate; revisionism is by no means an exclusively left-wing phenomenon. If some of its practitioners came out of the stable of the Young Communist League, Rabbi Michael Dov-Ber Weissmandel, a leader of the anti-Zionist ultra-Orthodox movement in wartime Slovakia, was never a Trotskyite; and, again, the very term "revisionism" in Israel has a right-wing connotation. The head of Benjamin Netanyahu's think tank has recently written that if the Zionists had established a truly free market in Palestine in the 1920s and '30s, rather than wasting money on Kibbutzim and similar collectivist enterprises, the Holocaust would not have taken place. Whatever the merits of this rather original thesis, it is certainly not left-wing in its inspiration. It would be a mistake to reduce historiographical debates to political ones.

Teveth is an indefatigable researcher. He has gained access to an archive that was not before accessible. This is the correspondence of Nathan Schwalb, a Jewish emissary from Palestine who was stationed in Switzerland during the war. Schwalb had a remarkably extensive correspondence with people in Nazi-occupied Europe, probably more extensive than all other rescue emissaries combined. He received or answered about fifty letters and cables a day; and he was involved, directly and indirectly, in the transfer of money and the negotiations with S.S. representatives, whose aim was the purchase of Jewish lives. This was the so-called Europa Plan worked out between Slovak Jewish leaders and an emissary of Heinrich Himmler. But thorough investigations have shown that the S.S. leaders had not the slightest intention of being deflected from their murderous course of action. If there is any merit to the revisionist charge that Ben-Gurion and the Zionist establishment in Palestine failed the Jews of Europe, the correspondence of Schwalb might be expected to corroborate it. But it does not corroborate it. Teveth shows that even this unique source does not radically affect the picture as we had it.

The murder of European Jewry was unprecedented and beyond comprehension. For this reason, perhaps, revisionism was born: the absence of adequate explanation is too frustrating, and the temptation is great to find some explanation by finding new targets of blame. Thus some scholars of the Holocaust have looked for scapegoats in addition to the Nazis: perhaps the victims were betrayed by their own, perhaps much more could have been done to save them. In fact, the Jewish leader-

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ship of the *Yishuv* was more actively involved in rescue activities than any other Jewish community. And yet it has been accused of negotiating with the Nazis in order to save Jewish lives, and also of not negotiating actively enough and not providing the money demanded by the blackmailers.

It is true that Zionism had always argued that European Jewry was doomed, though not necessarily in a physical sense. Ben-Gurion and other Zionist leaders derided Yiddish as an "alien language" and were generally dismissive of Jewish social and cultural life in the diaspora. Their very concept of Zionism was based on the "negation of the diaspora" as impractical and undignified. But it is a mistake to generalize from these ideological axioms to an attitude of indifference to European Jewry. Ben-Gurion and his comrades were moved by a great love of their people. Moreover, they were realists. They disliked the shtetl and the Yiddish language, but they were perfectly aware of the fact that a Jewish state in Palestine would never arise, and never be prosperous and secure, without millions of Jews from Europe. Saving those Jews was a matter of crucial importance. And it should be recalled that the Jewish community in Palestine was very small at the time, and desperately poor. American Jewry, on the other hand, was ten times as numerous and infinitely more prosperous. Yet, unfortunately (as Teveth shows), the millions of dollars for rescue activities arrived only after the end of the war, when they could be used only for the care of the relatively few survivors.

Ben-Gurion could have voiced more compassion when the shattering news was received in 1942-43, but his role was that of the prophet and not the comforter. He made a silly statement that his opponents have quoted against him time and time again. When the British government announced that it would allow 10,000 Jewish children from Germany and Austria to come to England, Ben-Gurion proclaimed: "Were I to know that all German Jewish children could be rescued by transferring them to England and only half by transfer to Palestine, I would opt for the latter, because our concern is not only the personal interest of these children, but the historic interest of the Jewish people." The statement sounds awful, but it was made the year *before* the war broke out, and words such as "rescued" and "saved" did not yet mean rescue from certain death.

Most students of the Holocaust, and not just the revisionists among them, have found it exceedingly difficult to accept that the information that was received about the mass murder in the second half of 1942 was not believed or not internalized. The newspapers reported that millions of Jews had been murdered. And yet the full magnitude of the horror was by no means clear. There were lingering doubts (historically wrong but psychologically understandable) that the information was exaggerated, that the war would be over soon, that many European Jews would somehow survive. Hence the strange preoccupation in the Zionist leadership with "postwar planning and reconstruction" concerning millions of Jews who no longer existed; hence the dispatch in 1943 and 1944 of tens of thousands of parcels by way of neutral countries to relations, friends, acquaintances in Continental Europe who had been gassed long ago. Since Ben-Gurion could not do anything about the mass murder, he repressed it, shut it out from his memory, tried to concentrate on the future. So did the great majority of Jews at the time, in Palestine and elsewhere.

Yes, zealous Jewish activists in Palestine expressed contempt for diaspora Jewry. They could not understand why the diaspora Jews did not fight against their oppressors, as if such a fight was a realistic alternative for the great majority of Eastern European Jewry. But the judgment of history is based not only on attitudes, but also on deeds. Did the hostile attitudes of the Zionists to the diaspora affect their willingness and their ability to help? There is no evidence for this. The question that should have been asked was whether anything could have been done after 1942 that had not already been done. The idea that one could have arrested the catastrophe prior to Stalingrad and the defeat in North Africa, before the tide of the war had turned, is not worthy of serious discussion. By 1943, most European Jews had been killed in Central Europe, Poland and the Soviet Union. The deportations from Hungary had not yet started, nor had the transports from Greece, Italy and some other countries.

According to the revisionists, it should have been possible to buy off the Nazis, who were putting out feelers in Slovakia and Budapest. But the critics of rescue activities in 1943-44 seem to be thinking anachronistically, in contemporary terms, in terms of a Jewish state that is small but powerful, a country with more tanks than Britain or warplanes than France and a GNP approaching $100 billion. In 1942, however, the Jewish population of Palestine was only some 450,000, and it was impoverished. There was not enough money to pay for the telephone calls of the emissaries in Zurich and Istanbul who had been sent on rescue missions. The political clout of the *Yishuv* was naught. Zionism was no more than a lobby, and not a very effective one. And yet, as Teveth notes, this small community raised more money for rescue than any other, accounting for fully a quarter of the Jewish Agency budget in 1943.

If the leaders of the *Yishuv* had been more fully aware of the critical situation in Europe, they might have given even more money—but not much more, for their resources were drastically limited. As for American Jewry, it was a different story. The money was there: the American-Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the principal organization involved in rescue activities, received $38 million between 1939 and 1943. It had $194 million at its disposal during the postwar years, when lives could no longer be saved. But would more money have made much difference? We cannot be certain. There were negotiations in 1942 (the Europa Plan) and again in 1944 in Budapest, when Joel Brandt was sent to Palestine to find out whether "World Jewry" would pay $1 million as well as deliver 10,000 heavy-duty trucks, 800 tons of tea, 2 million tons of cocoa and 2 million bars of soap, all for the lives of 1 million Jews.

No serious historian has argued that the Europa Plan stood a chance, and even the revisionists claim only that the plan should have been tried, its prospects notwithstanding. As for Eichmann's offer in 1944, the prospects were perhaps slightly better; but we do not know whether Hitler and Himmler would have approved. In any case, the ideas were wholly unrealistic. There was no way to obtain 10,000 heavy-duty trucks except through the good offices of the Allied leadership, and it was opposed, in principle, to any such deal. Churchill was not even willing to discuss it.

After the war, Weissmandel heaped the most horrible curses on the Zionists and the other Jewish leaders because they had not provided enough money for bribing the Nazis. Teveth describes Weissmandel as a broken man, saying that he used "the blood of his heart" for ink. Weissmandel's wife and all his children had been gassed, and he suffered from feelings of guilt because he alone had survived. He seems to have genuinely believed that Hitler and his underlings

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could have been bribed in 1942. For an ultra-Orthodox rabbi in deepest Carpathia, Hitler or Eichmann must have seemed like modern versions of medieval robber barons or highwaymen, who could have been bought off. It is less easy to understand why contemporary secular writers in the West should reach such similar conclusions.

Perhaps a negotiator of genius would have been able to string along the Nazis for weeks or even months. But time, in 1944, was running out. By the autumn of that year, the mass murder ended, and the gas chambers were destroyed. It is a terrible pity that the negotiations with the Nazis were not in the hands of people with greater experience and skill, and people who could have promised their interlocutors whatever they wanted, and more. But there were no such negotiators at the time, nor is there any certainty that they would have succeeded.

In April 1944, when the deportation of Hungarian Jewry began, the Slovak Jewish leaders proposed, in a letter to Jewish organizations abroad, the bombing of the gas chambers at Auschwitz, as well as the railway lines, the bridges and the tunnels leading from Hungary to Auschwitz. The immediate reaction of the Jewish Agency (with one or two notable exceptions) was to oppose this proposal, on the grounds that they would be responsible for the massacre of Jews resulting from air raids at Auschwitz. As the deportations and the killing continued, similar urgent demands came from Budapest. By the end of June, the Zionist leaders were pressing the British and the Americans to bomb Auschwitz. Anthony Eden promised to re-examine the matter, and wrote a less than wholehearted letter to the British Air Force (he knew that, if the Jews survived, Britain would be under pressure to give them shelter). The Royal Air Force did not want to undertake this mission, and thus a decision was postponed until it was too late. In Washington, John J. McCloy wrote his famous, and infamous, letter to a Jewish representative that the bombing of Auschwitz, "even if practical, might provoke even more vindictive action by the Germans."

Would air attacks on the death camps have been effective? There have been passionate exchanges between military historians on this matter. All agree that it was technically possible, as of early June 1944, for Allied planes to reach Auschwitz; and some of the neighboring camps in which industrial installations were located were repeatedly bombed. Some military experts claim that precision bombing would have been difficult, if not impossible, and that a lot of bombers and bombs would have been needed. Inmates of the camps would have almost certainly been killed, and the bombing of the railway lines would have been ineffective because they could have been quickly repaired. Some of these arguments are correct, but most of them are irrelevant. While railway lines could be easily repaired, bridges and tunnels could not.

For the bombing of Auschwitz to have had a major effect, it would have needed to be part of a general strategy of the Allies to save several hundreds of thousands of lives. Such a strategy would have included a massive information campaign making the mass murder known to the people of Germany and its satellites, naming those responsible down to the local level (their names were known) and threatening them with justice after the war. British and American diplomats argue that such a course of action would have strengthened the will of the Germans to fight to the bitter end. We now know from Gestapo reports, however, that this was not the case, that people were telling each other after 1942 that the American and British "terror raids" were the punishment for "what we have done to the Jews in Poland."

There would have been no revolution in Germany had the facts of the Holocaust been broadcast for all to know. Still, at a time when few continued to believe in final victory, Hitler's satraps would have shown less enthusiasm, the policemen and the railway personnel would not have worked overtime, the Gestapo officials further down the line might have prevaricated, the satellites would have shown less zeal to stick their neck out, and altogether fewer Jews would have been killed. As Teveth puts it, in the race between V.E. Day and Auschwitz, Auschwitz prevailed. The Jewish Agency and the *Yishuv* could do nothing, or almost nothing, about it.

History is rewritten from a great variety of vantage points. Sometimes these rewritings have been necessary and illuminating. Often, however, the opposite is the case. As far as the recent history of the Jewish people is concerned, and especially the history of the building of a Jewish state in Palestine, it is only natural that, once the state was established and became relatively safe, a new generation of historians would hunt down the myths and question the heroic version of earlier years. Anti-Zionist, or un-Zionist, or post-Zionist revisionism, you might say, is the price of Zionism's success.

Teveth's book is too angry in tone, when it is precisely the anger of historians against which he is arguing. He tends to write sarcastically about what he considers malicious rumor, malevolent insinuation and scholarly falsification. It is almost certainly too soon to write about these horrors with Olympian detachment. Historical objectivity may become possible only in the distant future, when people will no longer care greatly about what happened in the heart of Europe during World War II; and that, too, is an unsettling thought.

WALTER LAQUEUR's most recent books are *Fascism* (Oxford University Press) and *Fin de Siècle* (Transaction), a collection of essays.

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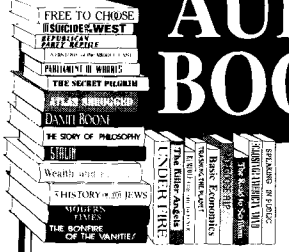

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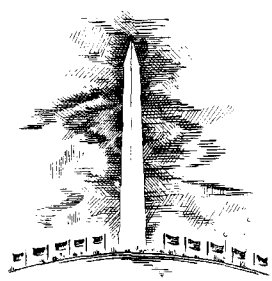
Eyes of the world

I HADN'T FAILED A TEST SINCE second grade, but, as I stood waiting for an eye exam at the Bureau of Motor Vehicles, I knew I was going to flunk. I'd recently developed an astigmatism that made things hazy even with my glasses on. Sandwiched between an 80-year-old woman and a 16-year-old boy, I inched toward my fate, staring at the blurry bureaucrat who oversaw the examination machine—an object resembling a large microscope—with disdain. I watched the old woman as she took her turn at the machine. She peered into its depths with great concentration, as if searching for some distant spot on the horizon. She pronounced the letters carefully, and paused after each to gather her forces for the next. I pictured subtitles in a foreign film, flashing on the screen, then dissolving before I could read them. I panicked, and did the only thing I could think of: cheat. As she worked her way through the letters, I repeated them to myself, memorizing frantically.

"HEY," THE KID BEHIND ME SAID. "It's your turn." Edging forward, I fixed my glasses on my nose and squinted into the microscope. There was only darkness. "I can't see anything," I cried. The bureaucrat ordered me to press the switch with my forehead. A light flashed inside the box, and, to my delight, I saw a chorus line of fat, leggy letters. "P," I said, louder than I intended. "F, C, R," I continued, each time with more confidence. "Not that line," the bureaucrat interjected, "the one below it." There, at the bottom of the chart, were five hieroglyphics. I tried to remember what my predecessor had said. "S," I guessed. And then, just as on my second-grade reading test, my memory failed me, and I stopped silent.

"LET'S GO, MISTER. CAN YOU SEE IT or can't you?" I couldn't. "Give me a second." What *was* it? "X," I tried. "No, Y." "Come on, buddy." It was the punk behind me. "P, R, S, A, O...," I pleaded. "That's it," the bureaucrat hollered. "Take this form, and see an eye doctor. You're blind as a bat." "I got twenty out of twenty on the written exam," I stammered. The bureaucrat said a doctor had to sign the form in order for me to renew my license. "Otherwise," he warned, "you're off the road for good."

WHILE WRITING *PARADISE LOST* IN 1652, John Milton went blind. "Why should I not submit with complacency to this loss of sight," he later wrote, "which seems only withdrawn from the body without to increase the sight of the mind within?" In 1990, 860,000 Americans over the age of 40 were legally blind in both eyes—a number expected to double by 2035. When Minnesota Twins superstar Kirby Puckett woke up on March 28, 1996, he saw a black dot in his right eye; by mid-July, he was partially blind. Like Puckett, an estimated 3 million Americans suffer from glaucoma—a disease that destroys the delicate optic nerve inside the eyeball. All sorts of things can bring on blindness. New research shows that puffing a pack of cigarettes a day doubles one's likelihood of macular degeneration, an illness that ruptures tiny blood vessels near the retina. Perhaps even stress plays a role: at the peak of the Great Depression, it is said that the percentage of people with near-sightedness soared. Blindness is primal; sight is primal. The destruction of eyes has an appeal to those who wish their destruction to be utter. During the Holocaust, Josef Mengele, the physician at Auschwitz, pinned eyeballs on his wall like butterflies. In Greek mythology, Oedipus gauged out his own eyes after sleeping with his mother and killing his father. "Now you shall see only darkness," he screamed at his blind and bleeding self.



WHEN I WAS IN THE SECOND GRADE, my teacher banished me from the advanced reading group, saying I couldn't keep up. I had to stay after school for a speed reading class, where I sat with my fellow flunkies in the dark, chasing words as they raced across a peeling gray screen. Desperately, I swung my head back and forth, occasionally leaping after a noun as it careened onto the chalkboard. When my teacher saw this, she told me to hold still and squeezed my head between her arms.

RATHER THAN SUFFER SUCH IGnominy, I made myself blind. Not totally. Just enough to explain my sudden ineptitude. I confused eights for threes, Ws for Vs. I bumped into chairs and stumbled down stairs. When my parents rushed me to an ophthalmologist, he told them I was either faking or had a rare blinding disease that affected mostly Africans. Of course, my father, pale as ivory, said I'd never fake. And so I was given a thick pair of turtle-rimmed glasses, which, in fact, made the world a blur. The ruse ended a month later, when I accidentally left my glasses at home. Sailing on our boat, my father told me to steer for the smokestacks three miles away. I pointed gleefully and said, "Those?" If only now I could will myself to see as easily as I once willed myself blind.

IN EXODUS, GOD SAYS OF JUSTICE, "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth...." In Isaiah, the Lord proclaims, "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened...." On *Without a Net*, Jerry Garcia sings, "You are the eyes of the world."

WHEN I SAW A DOCTOR about the incident at the Bureau of Motor Vehicles, I found myself again deciphering letters in a microscope-like box. After probing my dilated pupils for several minutes, the doctor told me I had keratoconus, an illness that afflicts mostly young men between the ages of 20 and 30. A cone had developed on my corneas, refracting the light like an abstract painting. In most patients, the cone remains relatively stable; in my case, it was expanding like a balloon. The doctor said I'd eventually need cornea transplants, an operation that could itself lead to blindness. Then, as if looking for an excuse to leave, he signed my form and said I could drive during the day with hard contacts. For now.

THE U.S. NAVY HAS NEARLY COMpleted a telescope that can measure the dimples on a golf ball 1,000 miles away. Doctors are now transplanting eye cells from aborted human fetuses into the eyes of the blind, restoring their vision. After a birth defect in his corneas was surgically removed, a blind man in Canada recently woke up and saw his first Christmas in sixty-one years.

BACK IN LINE AT THE BUREAU OF Motor Vehicles, I rehearse a long list of slurs to unleash upon my nemesis. But when I hand the bureaucrat my wrinkled form he doesn't recognize me at all, and I say nothing. As he passes me my license, I suddenly feel 16 again, sharp-eyed and invincible. In my car, I race down Connecticut Avenue, dodging potholes and pedestrians. A bus driver flips me the bird. I skid around Dupont Circle and onto P Street. And then, for an instant, the world appears as it once did, crisp and clear.

DAVID GRANN

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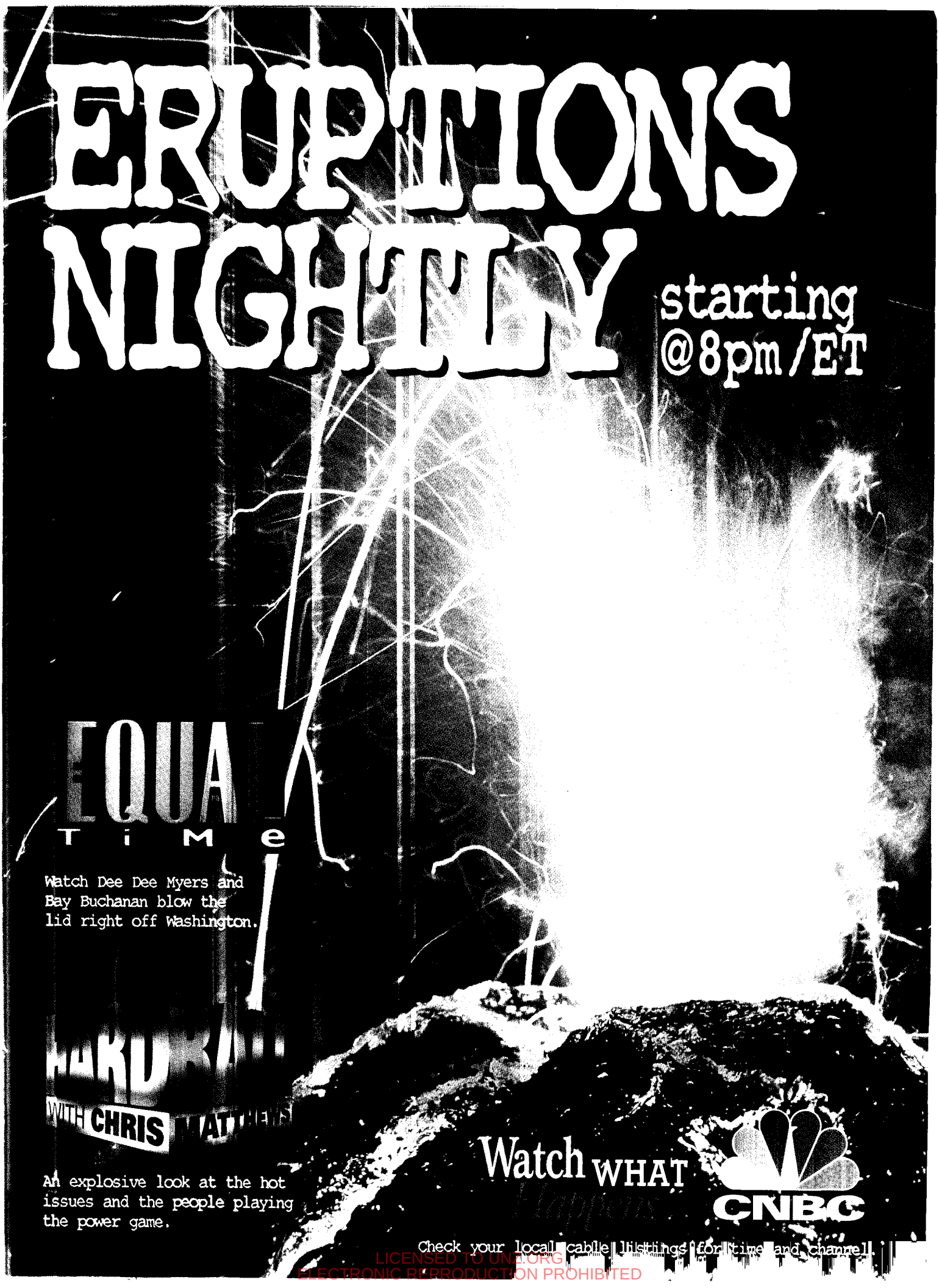

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In Tennessee, Britanny Johnson and her mother, Kathy, attend classes together through Families for Learning, a program sponsored by Toyota.

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